

INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

Vol 8th

ANBOD OF

MEMOIRS

ALLEGORIES

ESSAYS

POLITICAL FRAGMENTS



IN TWO VOLUMES

BY MR. ADDISON

LONDON:

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1704

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ANECDOTES, &c.

A N

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

LORD BROGHILL (afterwards Earl of Offory) who might be properly called the common friend of King Charles and the Protector, endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between them, by the former's marrying Frances, the fourth and youngest daughter of the Protector, to which not only the King, but also she herself, and her mother, gave their assent; but as it was a delicate point to obtain Oliver's concurrence, it was not thought adviseable to be too precipitate, but to let the report circulate abroad before it was mentioned to the Protector. When it was judged proper to be broke out to him, Broghill went as usual to the Palace, and being introduced to his

B

Highness

Highness in his closet, he asked, "Whence he came, and what news he had brought?" His Lordship replied, from the city, where I have heard strange news indeed! 'What is it?' 'Perhaps your Highness will be offended.' 'I will not,' replied Oliver, hastily, 'be it what it will.' Broghill then, in a laughing way, said, 'All the city news is, that you are going to restore the King, and marry him to Lady Frances.' Oliver smiling, said, 'And what do the fools think of it?' 'They like it, and think it is the wisest thing you can do, if you can accomplish it.' Cromwell, looking steadfastly at Broghill, 'Do you believe so too?' who finding the proposal pleasing to him, went on, 'I do really believe it is the best thing you can do, to secure yourself.' The Protector walking about the room with his hands behind him, in a musing posture, turned about to his lordship, 'Why do you believe it?' Upon which he endeavoured to convince Oliver of the expediency and necessity of the thing; that nothing was more easy to bring about the restoration, and that he would have the King for his son-in-law, and, in all probability, become grandfather to the heir of the Crown. To this the Protector listened with attention, and traversing the apartment twice or thrice, said, 'the King will never forgive me the death of his father.' 'Sir,' replied his Lordship, 'you

‘you were one of many who were concerned in it, but you will be alone in the merit of restoring him: employ somebody to sound him upon it, and see how he will take it: I’ll do it, if you think fit.’ ‘No, he will never forgive me his father’s death; besides, he is so debauched, he cannot be trusted.’ His Lordship was fearful of proceeding further, and so the discourse took another turn.

Broghill did not absolutely despair yet of effecting his purpose; he therefore applied to the Protectress, and the Lady Frances; and after acquainting them of the ill success of his negociation, desired them to press his Highness strongly to consider of it again, which they both promised; and the former afterwards assured his lordship, that she had done it more than once, but to no purpose; for the Protector never returned her any other answer, ‘than the King is not such a fool as to forgive me the death of his father.’

READING.

READING is to the mind what exercise is to the body, as by one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind,) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. There are persons

who seldom take a book in their hand, but to discover the faults it may in their opinion contain; the merit of the work is the last of their consideration; they can pass over many fine sentiments, and rhetorical expressions, without the least regard; but to whatever they think obscure, absurd, or impertinent, they are sure to afford no quarter: many perfections cannot atone for a few imperfections with them, they must have a perfect piece or none; such persons ought not to read at all, they are not fit to judge of what they do read. For every man of sense and candour, who reads in order to reap the benefit of reading, will give merit its due, wherever he finds it, and be cautious how he commends. When I meet with a great many beauties in a piece, I am not offended with a few faults, which might have escaped the author thro' inadvertency, or which the impotence of human nature could not so well provide against. Sometimes too, what is very clear in a book, seems to us obscure, for want of reading it with sufficient attention.

We should not read a book on purpose to find its faults; but, purely to understand it.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be;
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.

Of

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a well chosen friend.

By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the other.

It must be allowed, that slow reading is the quickest and surest way to knowledge. A frequent perusal of a few well chosen books, will tend more to the improvement of the understanding, than a multifarious reading of all the superficial writers, who have attempted to acquire literary fame. If we would perpetuate our fame or reputation, we must do things worth writing, or write things worth reading.

I think a person may as well be asleep—for they can be only said to dream—who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labour only
fitting

sitting still, and the expence but time, which if we do not spend, we cannot save.—In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour.—In a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

Many great readers load their memories, without exercising their judgments; and make lumber rooms of their heads, instead of furnishing them usefully.

Were the Bible but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous lights; as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant; as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws; as it is the most ancient, and consequently curious collections of historical incidents, moral precepts, and political institutions; as the style of it is, in some places, nobly sublime and poetical, and in others, sweetly natural, plain, and unaffected. In a word, as being well acquainted with it is highly requisite, in order to make men useful and ornamental in this life, (to say nothing of their happiness in the next). It is to be hoped that a cool reflection or two of this sort, might induce the more ingenious and rational among them, to let the Bible take its turn, among those volumes which pass through their hands, either for amusement

ment or instruction. Should such an entertainment once become fashionable, of what mighty service would it be to the interest of religion, and consequently to the happiness of mankind.

GREEN PEAS.

IN the beginning of the year 1776, a young gentleman of great fortune being desirous of presenting something rare to his mistress, enquired in the suburbs of Paris for green pease, and with great difficulty procured four half-pint pottles, for each of which he paid six Louis d'ors; a most extravagant price, but it was the only valuable present he could think of, which the delicacy of his mistress would not make her refuse; for the lady was of a haughty disposition, and would not accept of any thing that might subject her to the imputation of selfishness.

It is not certain if the chevalier gave orders that she should be informed of the price, or whether the season of the year, or the knowledge of their rarity made her guess it: however, as she was more of the coquette than the epicure, she could not help telling the messenger that the gentleman who bought them, apparently had more money than wit.

Her

Her mother, who was naturally avaricious, finding her of this opinion, proposed to sell the pease, and after some altercation she got the better of her delicacy, and made her consent to the sending them to the market, where none had appeared, nor indeed was such a rarity expected.

The old lady luckily was acquainted with a woman, whose business it was to give notice to the stewards of people of quality of every thing scarce, the first of the kind that was to be purchased. This woman undertook the commission to sell the pease, and set out with the intention to carry them to the hotel of the Prince de Conde, who was to give a superb entertainment that day to the foreign ministers.

In the interval another admirer of the young Lady paid her a visit, and the conversation turning on the backwardness of spring she accidentally mentioned green pease, which made him conjecture she had a desire to taste them. He therefore shortened his visit, making some plausible excuse, and repaired to the most celebrated fruiterers in Paris, but, to his mortification, all the intelligence he could procure was, that none had yet appeared except four pottles which an old woman had been seen conveying to the Prince de Conde's.

The

The hopes of our enamorata now revived; he lost no time, and fortunately overtaking the woman, who knew him, before she reached the hotel, he thought himself very happy to obtain them at the moderate charge of thirty Louis.

The emissary, equally overjoyed, returned to her employers with the money, and told the young lady who had purchased them. But though she had no objection to the money, she was extremely piqued to find her favorite lover had bought them, not doubting but they were designed for some formidable rival; and in this conjecture she was confirmed by the abrupt manner in which he had shortened his visit and left her. Distracted with jealousy, she imparted her sentiments to a female visitant, and both were earnestly employed in railing at the infidelity of mankind, when, behold! one of the servants of the suspected lover was introduced, who brought a basket from his master, decorated with the flowers in season, and covered with nosegays, which being removed, the triumphant fair one discovered the *green pease*! and thus the chagrin was instantly converted into immoderate peals of laughter at this droll adventure. As for the visitor, being quite familiar in the house, and fond of dainties, she insisted on eating the pease, that they might not

cause any more confusion in the family; but as the motive was easily discerned, they went no farther than the rules of politeness required, and only dressed one pottle.

After the lady was gone, a new council was held, to deliberate on the disposal of the remainder. The daughter had now no objection to sell them again, but the mother having a law suit in hand, thought it more for her interest to send them to her attorney which was accordingly done; and occasioned a very warm dispute between him and his wife: Madam loved good cheer, and insisted on regaling her friends with this rarity, but the attorney knew better how to serve his own interest, and sent them to the Marquis — who had promised to give him preferment.

But scarce were the pease set down on the table, when the lover who had adorned the basket with flowers, came to visit the Marquis, and, seeing the present to his mistress thus, as it were, fly in his face, he concealed his resentment, but took the first opportunity to pay a visit to his perfidious mistress, who very coolly thanked him for his pease, adding they had an excellent flavour: enraged at her carrying the matter so far, he then told her, that she must wait till the Marquis had tasted them, before she gave her opinion of their goodness.

goodness. The lady at a loss to guess his meaning, and confounded at the violence of his transports, demanded an explanation; he then related to her the last incident, but she not suspecting what had happened, affirmed they were not the same pease; this enraged him still more, and he required to see the basket in which he himself had placed the pottles, and which he adorned with flowers; not being able to produce it, the quarrel seemed to admit of no terms of accommodation, when in came *the pease again!* The Marquis who had a secret inclination for the lady (the greatest beauty in Paris) thought them a very proper present for her. Our lover was now fully convinced that the Marquis could not be so absurd to send his mistress her present to him, yet he was convinced they were the very same pease:—the mother therefore was obliged to confess the truth. It was then determined to sacrifice the *travelling pease* to the calls of nature, and they were accordingly consumed by the parties most interested in their fate.



WILLIAM and HELEN,
*To a Friend at Dumfries in Scotland, on
the Birth of a Daughter,*
By S. Whitchurch, *Ironmonger*, of BATH.

MUCH did the tuneful Homer boast
Of beauteous Helen's wond'rous charms
That fir'd with rage the Grecian host,
And rous'd a world of fools to arms.

A lovelier Fair 'twas yours to wed,
Than Greece or Homer ever knew,
A Helen faithful to your bed,
Whose beauty blossom'd but for you.

'Twas yours my friend, the bliss to gain
A richer prize than Paris won,
Though ruin'd Troy, and Heroes slain,
Might boast what Helen's charms had done.

Sweet flow the joys when love lights up
In kindred Souls his constant fires,
When fill'd with bliss fond Hymen's cup,
The mutual happiness inspires.

Happy the Pair, when bounteous heav'n
Has all their fondest wishes crown'd,
At whose domestic board 'tis giv'n
To plant young Olives all around.

Thrice

Thrice happy you my friend who find
The smiling pledge of Love so soon,
Who with your lovely Helen kind
Embrace gay Hymen's infant boon.

Long may the little stranger live
To swell the joys of wedded life,
Much comfort to receive and give,
And grow the image of your wife.

Long may she soothe her Parents' care,
And while she courts their shelt'ring arms,
Much mental beauty may she share,
And emulate her Mother's charms.

Permit a distant Bard to swell
The friendly note of mirthful song,
Where William and his Helen dwell
To waft sweet Poesy along.

Permit the Muse my friends for you
To twine the wreath of well-meant rhyme
To bid young Joy and pleasures new
Gladden your hours of passing time.

BATH, OCTOBER 8, 1795. S. W.

To a STATUARY of BATH, on his
MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

HAPPY the Man, who far from female strife,
Can carve a Child, or *chisel out* a wife;
Stranger to broils, and matrimonial cares,
Uneasiness for him no scold prepares;
No jealous Fair complains of slighted charms,
Nor threatens striking vengeance with her arms;
Peace undisturb'd at home 'tis his to find—
No curtain lectures discompose his mind;
No strains censorious vibrate on his ears
Like sound of broken bells, or clashing spears;
He comes, he goes, just whensoe'er he please,
No frowns insult him, and no tongue can tease;
He of variety may take his fill,
And make a Wife, to smile or frown, at will;
Sole Monarch of his house, he reigns alone,
And leaves his *silent Spouse to fret in stone.*

Still happier he; who to the Sculptor's art,
Has join'd the lovely idol of his heart;
From things inanimate has turn'd his eyes,
And won in Virtue's warfare, Beauty's prize;
Who not content with *one* of Parian stone,
Can boast a Partner of his *flesh and bone.*

Thrice

Thrice happy thou my friend, whose prudent
 choice,
 Sanction'd by Love, by Reason's calmer voice,
 Possesses charms no Sculptor e'er could give,
 Though fire Promethean bade his image live.

BATH, MAY 16, 1792.

S. W.

ANECDOTE

OF

The late DUKE of GRAFTON.

THE late Duke of Grafton, in hunting, was one day thrown into a ditch; at the same instant a horseman, calling out, "Lie still my lord!" leaped over his grace and pursued his sport. When the duke's attendants came up, he inquired of them who that person was: and being told it was a young curate in the neighbourhood, his grace replied, "He shall have the first good living that falls; had he stopped to take care of me, I would never have given him any thing as long as he had lived." Of so much consequence it is to hit the particular turn of a patron.

CONSTANCY

CONSTANCY of AGIS,

King of Lacedemonia.

AGIS, the colleague of Leonidas in the government of Sparta, was a young prince of great hopes. He shewed himself just and obliging to all men; and in the gentleness of his disposition, and sublimity of his virtues, not only exceeded Leonidas, who reigned with him, but all the kings of Sparta from king Agefilaus. He was a very handsome person, and of a graceful behaviour; yet, to check the vanity he might take therein, he would always dress in a very plain manner. He had been bred very tenderly by his mother Agefistrata, and his grand-mother Archidamia, who were the wealthiest of all the Lacedemonians; yet, before the age of twenty-four, he so far overcame himself, as to renounce effeminate pleasures. In his diet, bathings, and in all his exercises, he chose to imitate the old Lyncurgic frugality and temperance; and was often heard to say, "He would not desire the kingdom, if he did not hope, by means of that authority, to restore their ancient laws and discipline." This maxim governed his whole life: and with this view, he associated with men of interest and capacity, who were equally willing to bring about the great design he had formed of thoroughly reforming the
state,

state, now sunk into luxury and debauch. For this purpose attempts were made; and so far succeeded, that Leonidas thought it adviseable to abdicate the throne. But Agesilaus, from interested views, acted so precipitately, that, while Agis was leading a body of spartan troops to the assistance of the Achæans a conspiracy was formed for restoring Leonidas, whose ambition, pride, and luxury, had greatly contributed to effeminate the minds of the people. Leonidas being now re-settled on the throne, tried every method possible to get Agis into his power; and which at last he effected by the treacheries of Amphares and Demochares. Being dragged away to the common prison, the ephori constituted by Leonidas sat ready to judge him. As soon as he came in, they asked him, "How he durst attempt to alter the government?" At which he smiled, without affording an answer; which provoked one of the ephori to tell him, "That he ought rather to weep; for they would make him sensible of his presumption." Another asked him, "Whether he was not constrained to do what he did by Agesilaus and Lysander?" To which the king, with a composed countenance, answered: "I was constrained by no man; the design was mine; and my intent was to have restored the laws of Lycurgus, and to have governed by them." "But do you not now,"

D

said

said one of the judges, "repent of your rashness?" "No, replied the king; "I can never repent of so just and honourable an intention." The ephori then ordered him to be taken away, and strangled. The officers of justice refused to obey; and even the mercenary soldiers declined so unworthy an action. Whereupon Demochares, reviling them for cowards, forced the king into the room where the execution was to be performed. Agis, about to die, perceiving one of the serjeants bitterly bewailing his misfortune: "Weep not, friend, for me," said he, "who die innocently; but grieve for those who are guilty of this horrid act. My condition is much better than theirs." Then, stretching out his neck, he submitted to death with a constancy worthy both of the royal dignity, and his own great character. Immediately after Agis was dead, Amphares went out of the prison gate, where he found Agesistrata; who, kneeling at his feet, he gently raised her up, pretending still the same friendship as formerly. He assured her she need not fear any further violence should be offered against her son; and that if she pleased she might go in and see him. She begged her mother might also have the favour of being admitted: to which she replied. "Nobody should hinder her." When they were entered, he commanded the gate should be again locked, and the grand-

grand-mother to be first introduced. She was now grown very old, and had lived all her days in great reputation of wisdom and virtue. As soon as Amphares thought she was dispatched, he told Agefistrata she might go in, if she pleased. She entered: where, beholding her son's body stretched on the ground, and her mother hanging by the neck, she stood at first astonished at so horrid a spectacle: but, after a while, recollecting her spirits, the first thing she did was to assist the soldiers in taking down the body; then covering it decently, she laid it by her son's; where embracing and kissing his cheeks, "O my son," said she, "It is thy great mercy and goodness which hath brought thee and us to this untimely end." Amphares, who stood watching behind the door rushed in hastily; and, with a furious tone and countenance, said to her: "Since you approve so well of your son's actions, it is fit you should partake in his reward." She rising up to meet her destiny, only uttered these few words. "I pray the Gods that all this may redound to the good of Sparta." After which, she submitted to death with a composure and firmness that drew tears from the executioner.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

IN the reign of King William, Oliver Cromwell (grandson to the Protector) found it necessary, on some account or other, to present a petition to Parliament. He gave his petition to a Friend, a Member, who took it to the House of Commons to present it. Just as this gentleman was entering the House with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tory Member, was also going in. On sight of Sir Edward so near him, the gentleman found his fancy briskly solicited by certain ideas of mirth, to make the surly, four, old Seymour, carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. "Sir Edward, (says he, stopping him at the instant,) will you do me a favour? I this moment recollect, that I must immediately attend a trial in Westminster-hall, which may detain me too late to give in this petition, as I promised to do this morning: 'tis a mere matter of form; will you be so good as to carry it up for me?" "Give it me," said Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the House. When a proper vacancy happened to produce it, the Knight put himself directly

directly on his feet, and his spectacles on his nose, and began to read with an audible voice, "The humble petition of—of—of—the Devil! (said Seymour)—of Oliver Cromwell. "The roar of laughter in the House at seeing him so fairly taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to withstand; so he instantly flung down the petition, and ran out of the House in the utmost confusion.

T H E

EVILS of INTEMPERANCE.

LAERTIUS, in the life of Zenocrates, tell us a very remarkable story of one Polemon, an Athenian rake:—That coming into his school, after a violent debauch, the effects of which were yet visible by his staggering gait, &c. the Philosopher dropped the subject he was treating of, and applying his discourse to the youth, inveighed against Intemperance with such admirable force of reason and persuasive eloquence, as roused all the sleepy faculties of his soul, and dispelled that thick mist which hung upon his mind, and hindered him from a sight of his folly. This, as the sage went on to express, in lively colours, its hideous deformity, the falseness and emptiness of its pleasures,

fares, with the fatal consequences that attended it, was followed by shame, sorrow, and remorse. One might have read in the young man's countenance the mighty conflict within, where contrary passions held his mind in a fluctuating suspense, till subdued by superior reason, and a vigorous resolution to break off from a course of life which not only debases the dignity of human nature, but also by engaging us in too eager a pursuit of sensual gratifications, destroys in us the true relish of them.

The beautiful description of modesty and temperance with which Zenocrates ended his discourse, so fired the soul of young Polemon, that he could forbear no longer; he immediately tore the chaplets from his head and his gown, which before was loose and flowing, & gathered them up close about him; in short, being reclaimed by this excellent lecture of a notorious libertine, he became a grave philosopher, no less eminent for his learning and virtue, than before he had been infamous for lewdness and excess. A strange conversion indeed! not to be paralleled in the history of any age or nation.

I am not vain enough to flatter myself with hopes of treating the same subject with the same success; unequal to the task, I wish to excite
abler

abler pens to stem the torrent of this favourite vice, which in former ages hath overturned the mightiest Empires, and in the present æra is very likely to be the destruction of this.

To the youth of Great Britain I dedicate these thoughts. The world, through which you are to pass, is full of snares and temptations. Youth, without the aid of ill examples, is too apt to be transported by its own heat, and hurried away into a thousand extravagancies. Considering this, I hope none will think me trifling or impertinent for laying before you the greatness and certainty of your danger, especially seeing the knowledge of it puts it in your power to avoid it. I would therefore endeavour to prepossess your tender minds with an aversion for an enemy, (which cannot hurt you whilst you account it so,) that destroys with a smile, and, like the venomous asp, imperceptibly lulls you into a lethargy, and insensibly steals away your life. The intoxicating nature of this vice, and its fatal influence over the mind of man, is finely represented by the immortal Tasso, in his character of Rhinaldo! who, being conveyed by the fair enchantress Voluptuousness into the bower of pleasure, is there laid upon a bed of roses, and lulled asleep by the soft harmony of whispering zephyrs, warbling birds, and purling streams.

The

The cupids, which fan him with their wings, disarm him, and still ply him as he awakes with fresh draughts of a soporiferous wine; till at last the hero, dissolved with ease and softness, bids an eternal adieu to the toils of war, and all further pursuits of glory.

This beautiful episode seems to be formed upon the circe of the divine Homer, who tells us that she could turn all those who drank of her enchanted cup, into hogs, wolves, bears, and lions; signifying, that by intemperance, we degrade ourselves from the dignity of our species, and put on such foul and monstrous shapes when we pass into the manners of those brutes who wear them, and copy in ourselves their obscene, their fierce, and savage natures; so that those who celebrated the orgies of Bacchus in their skins of bears, tygers, &c. were no less brutish than the beasts themselves, whilst the drunken fit was upon them.

'Tis to the man of pleasure and exercise that the moral of these poetical fictions may be applied with the greatest justice and propriety, whose life is one continued act of degeneracy, and every scene of it filled up with brutes of one sort or other; only with this difference, that the instinct which governs them in a way suitable to their natures

tures, is wanting in him. Is not his reason immersed in sensuality; reason, the eye, the light of the soul, and the only evidence of its divine original; reason, more glorious than the sun, more extensive than his beams? Even this, like the lamps in the worship of Colytto, is first put out, the better to conceal the man from himself, and any sense of shame, which otherwise rise up to disturb his wild enjoyments. What does he say and do in his mad frolicks? Things which, upon cool consideration, he would give the world to have unsaid and undone; so that his sober intervals are spent in sorrow for what passes in his drunken carouses.

'Tis this vice which turns wisdom into folly; strength into weakness, beauty into deformity, and the fine gentleman into a stupid, senseless animal. Of this we have numberless instances, both in sacred and prophane history. I shall just mention a flagrant one in Alexander the Great, who, by Intemperance, became the reverse of himself. Never, surely, did any Prince set out with greater advantages and more promising hopes than he; for, besides a natural inclination to virtue, he had the advantage of having his mind thoroughly seasoned with the precepts of morality, which made him good as well as great, and justly rendered

E

him

him the darling of mankind, till after he conquered the Persians, and was himself conquered by their vices; 'twas then he let loose the reins to all manner of debauchery; then he slew Clytus at his own table, because he was too much his friend to flatter him. This brave unfortunate man had but a little before saved his life with the hazard of his own, and his mother was the King's nurse. Ungrateful Prince, thus to kill thy preserver, thus to return the mother's tender care of thy helpless infancy with the death of her only son! 'Twas then also that Parmenio and Philotas (who set the crown upon his head, and by whom he won his most glorious victories,) were sacrificed to their own great merit. The immortal Staggrite was put to death by an order from under the same hand: the Philosopher and Virtue, as became them, stood and fell together. Instead of mentioning more particulars, I shall only observe that envy, suspicion, revenge, and cruelty, which sully the later glories of his reign, where all the issue of Intemperance, which also at last was too hard for this mighty Conqueror; who, after he had buried his virtue and honour, fell a victim to this vice, and expired in a debauch at Babylon. Cursed juice, more venomous than the waters of the river Styx! Well did the Poets feign that the earth produced thee in revenge for the death of her sons, who
were

were slain by Jupiter for their impious attempt to scale Heaven. Thou art more destructive to our race than Pandora's box, the parent of a thousand diseases. All maladies of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms of heart—sick agony, all feverous kinds, convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs, intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs, demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy, and moon struck madness, pining atrophy, marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence, dropries, asthmas, and joint racking gout, owe their birth to thee, thou great destroyer of mankind. The plague (or pestilence) is less mortal; that, indeed, may sweep away the present generation, but thou entalest diseases upon posterity, and the innocent grandson falls a victim to his grandfire's intemperance.

'Tis this vice that gives wings to death; it is indeed its chief delegate, and supplies it with his best and most surest artillery. Our inimitable Spenser hath set forth the deformities of this vice, and its horrid consequences, in so descriptive and elegant a manner, that a quotation from him may prove acceptable to those who are unacquainted with the writings of that incomparable Poet.

And

E 2

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
 His belly was blown up with luxury,
 And eke with fatness swol'n were his eyne:
 And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
 With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
 For want thereof poor people oft did pine:
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.
 In green vine leaves he was right filthy clad,
 For other clothes he could not wear for heat;
 And on his head an ivy garland had,
 From under which fast trickled down the sweat;
 Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did bear a boosing can,
 Of which he supp'd so oft, that on his feat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,
 In shape and life more like a monster than a man.
 Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unable once to stir or go;
 Not meet to be of Counsel to a King;
 Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,
 That from his friend he seldom knew his foe.
 Full of diseases was his carcase blue,
 And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,
 Which by mis-diet daily greater grew:
 Such one was Gluttony.

How

How miserable must it be to fall a prey to such a monster! What desperate folly! Is not life short enough, that we endeavour to make it still shorter by our excesses? Tell me, ye sons of Bacchus, if there be any pleasure in your midnight revels equal to the loss of health, which is not only an invaluable blessing itself, but the crown and perfection of all other blessings. Would a wise man buy repentance so dear, or for a short fit of frantic mirth (which seldom begins till the sense of enjoyment is over) chuse to languish out the remainder of his days in shame, pain, and sorrow, and entail diseases upon his innocent posterity? This is a piece of madness that exceeds that of the foolish Indians, who put themselves to the most ridiculous tortures, cut and slash their bodies, to render vain worship to their inanimate and senseless Deities.—Upon the whole, the votaries of Intemperance hate their own flesh, die martyrs to vice and folly, upon no other view but that of being miserable for ever.

Anecdote of PROTAGORAS.

WHEN Protagoras, the Sceptic, whose trifling whimsies led him to doubt of every thing, even though he saw or felt it, began his
book

book thus: " As for the Gods, whether they are or are not, I have nothing to say."—The magistrates of Athens highly resented this profane trifling with things sacred, banished him out of their city, and condemned his book to be burnt by the common executioner. And after this; when he and his friend Pyrrho were asked, why they walked so much alone? they answered, "It was to meditate how they might be good," and being hereupon further asked, what necessity there was for being good, if it be not certain that there is a God? they replied, " It cannot be certain that there is none; and therefore it is prudence to provide against the worst."

A

Chinese Anecdote.

THE Emperor Tay Ming having lost his way, and over-heated with riding in the sultry hours, thence urged by an intolerable thirst, he had recourse to the cave of a poor Hermit, who, in the peace of his retirement, was cultivating a small spot, at the foot of the mountain Tchang Khawn. The Hermit, who knew him perfectly well, offered

ferred to him some dishes of Souchong tea, together with the delicious fruit of the Focheou, or wild apricots, which grew thereabouts in great perfection, the Emperor most graciously accepted this refreshment. After which, having somewhat of a taste for botany, he was pleased to bestow a look on the little garden of the humble solitary. There were in it some curious plants, and among them one singularly so, none of the like having ever been so much as seen within the purlicus of the Imperial Palace. It was called the *Plant of Truth*, and was a species of the Mimosa or Sensitive kind. The Hermit then pointed out to the Emperor its political virtue: it was such, that at the approach of any false friend to the owner of the garden, it shrunk, and curled its leaves inwards, with apparent signs of horror: on the contrary, when the friend was real and sincere, it gave manifest tokens of enjoying his presence, and with a more vivid verdure, seemed to express a grateful sensation.—“Phooh, said the Emperor, looking disdainfully at this marvellous plant, I have, at my Court, no need of such a test: I am already provided, I keep two books, the one with a gilt binding, the other with a black. In my black book are registered such as I am told, deserve to be reprobated by me for ever. In my golden book I have set down the names of those
 who,

who, I have been assured, merit my favour and confidence."—"Alas," said the Hermit, who knew full well by what *informers* those writings were inspired, "your Majesty could hardly be better advised than to burn your books, or, at least, *change* them!"

RELIGION.

RELIGION is a thing much talked of but little understood; much pretended to, but very little practised; and the reason why it is so ill practised, is, because it is so little understood; knowledge, therefore, must precede religion, since it is necessary to be wise, in order to be virtuous, it must be known to whom, and upon what account duty is owing, otherwise it never can be rightly paid. It must therefore be considered, that God is the object of all religion, and that the soul is the subject wherein it exists and resides. From the soul it must proceed, and to God it must be directed, as to that Almighty Being whose power alone could create a rational soul, and whose goodness only could move him to make it capable of an eternal felicity, which infinite bounty of God has laid a perpetual obligation upon the soul

to a constant love, obedience and adoration of him. And to an undoubted assurance, that the same power and goodness that created man, will for ever preserve him and protect him, if he perseveres in the sincere performance of his duty. The body can have no other share in religion; than by its gestures to represent and discover the bent and inclination of the mind, which representations also, are but too often false and treacherous, deluding those that behold them, into the opinion of a saint, but truly discovering a notorious hypocrite to God, who sees how distant his intentions are from his pretences. People are as much deceived themselves, as they deceive others, who think to use religion as they do their best cloaths, only wear it to church, and on sunday to appear fine, and make a show, and with them, as soon as they come home again, lay it aside carefully, for fear of wearing it out: That religion is good for nothing that is made of so flight a stuff, as will not endure wearing, which ought to be as constant a covering for the soul, as the skin is to the body, not to be divided from it; division being the ruin of both. Nor must it be thought that religion consists only in bending the knees, which is a fitting posture of humility; but in the fervent and humble adoration of the soul. Nor in the lifting up of the hands and eyes, but in the warmth of

F the

the affection. Outward gestures and decent behaviour, are things very fit and reasonable, being all that the body can pay ; but it is inward sincerity alone that can render them both acceptable. Much less does religion consist in dismal looks and sour faces, which only shows, that it is very unpalatable to those who make them ; and it seems as if they were swallowing of something that went grievously against their stomachs. 'Tis likewise to be considered, the frequency and fervency of prayers gives it acceptance, not the length of them. That one prayer rightly addressed to God from a well disposed mind, is more efficacious than ten sermons carelessly heard, and more carelessly practised. But hearing being a much easier duty than praying, because it can often change unto sleeping, is therefore preferred to it, by a great many people. But if in the end, their profound ignorance will not excuse them, I am sure their stupid obstinacy never will. But there are so many virtues required in order to praying rightly, that people think, perhaps, that it would take up too much time and pains to acquire them. And they are much in the right, if they think their prayers will be insignificant without them, and that an ill man can never pray well, and to purpose ; for the stream will always partake of the fountain. And if the mind, which is the fountain of all our addresses to
God,

God, be vitious and impure, the prayers which proceed from it, must needs be sullied with the same pollutions. But, on the contrary, if the mind be once made virtuous, all that proceeds from it will be pleasing and accepted. And as to dejected looks and a sorrowful countenance, they are in no wise graceful in religion, which is so far from being a melancholy thing, that it can never appear displeasing, or tiresome to a mind where wisdom and virtue do not first seem troublesome; for wisdom instructing the soul to act reasonably, instructs it likewise to serve and obey God readily and chearfully; for that which appears reasonable to a wise man, will always appear delightful; and religion is that very same reason and wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.

Were men sensible of the happiness that results from true religion, the voluptuous man would there seek his pleasure, the covetous man his wealth, and the ambitious man his glory. Men who are destitute of religion are so far from being learned philosophers, that they ought not to be esteemed so much as reasonable men.

Religion is so far from debaring men of any innocent pleasure or comfort of human life that it

purifies the pleasure of it, and renders them more grateful and generous. And besides this, it brings mighty pleasure of its own, those of a glorious hope, a serene mind, a calm and undisturbed conscience, which do far out-relish the most studied and artificial luxuries.

Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue—unsupported by religion, are equal to the trying situations that often occur in life.

As little appearance as there is of religion in the world, there is a great deal of its influence felt in its affairs,—nor can any who have been religiously educated, so root out the principles of it, but like nature, they will return again, and give checks and interruptions to guilty pursuits. There can be no real happiness without religion and virtue, and the assistance of God's grace and Holy Spirit to direct our lives, in the true pursuit of it. Happiness, I contend is only to be found in religion—in the consciousness of virtue—and a sure and a certain hope of a better life, which brightens all our prospects, and leaves no room to dread disappointments,—because the expectations of it are built upon a rock, whose foundations are as deep as those of heaven or hell.

So

So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed, that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet, unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way, which can only lead him to the accomplishment of all his wishes. What pity it is that the sacred name of religion should ever have been borrowed, and employed in so bad a work, as in covering over pride—spiritual pride, the worst of all pride—hypocrisy, self-love, covetousness, extortion, cruelty and revenge,—or the fair form of virtue should have been thus disguised, and for ever drawn into suspicion, from the unworthy use of this kind, to which the artful and abandoned have often put her.—Some people pass through life, soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it—but from force of habit merely.—Again some think it sufficient to be good Christians, without being good men,—so spend their lives in drinking, cheating—and praying.

True religion gives an habitual sweetness and complacency which produces genuine politeness, without injury to sincerity; it preserves the mind from every unfair bias, and inclines it to temper justice with mercy in all its judgments upon others.

Religion

Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak.

Divine meditations do not only in power subdue all sensual pleasures, but far exceed them in sweetness and delight.

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious. Persecution can be no argument to persuade, nor violence the way to conversion.

Were angels, if they look into the ways of men, to give in their catalogue of worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up? We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, and the noise of victories, &c. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage who possesses a soul in thankfulness, under the pressure of what little minds call poverty, and distress. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general, at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works, a generous concern for the good of mankind, and unfeigned exercise of humility only denominates men great and glorious.

What

What can be more suitable to a rational creature, than to employ reason to contemplate that divine Being, which is both the author of its reason, and noblest object about which it can possibly be employed.

All our wisdom and happiness consists summarily in the knowledge of God and ourselves. To know, and to do, is the compendium of our duty.

We have a great work on our hands,—the gospel promises to believe,—the commands to obey,—temptations to resist,—passions to conquer; and this must be done, or we are undone: therefore look to heaven for the powers.

Religion is exalted reason refined from the grosser parts of it. It is both the foundation and crown of all virtues. It is morality raised and improved to its height, by being carried nearer to heaven, the only place where perfection resideth.

The greatest wisdom is, to keep our eye perpetually on a future judgment, for the direction and government of our lives; which will furnish us with such principles of action, as cannot be so well learned elsewhere.

How

How miserable is that man, that cannot look backward, without shame, nor forward without terror! What comfort will his riches afford him in his extremity! or what will all his sensual pleasures, his vain and empty titles, robes, dignities, and crowns avail him in the day of his distress.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;
To ask them, what report they bore to heav'n,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

The CONFESSION

OF

MISS ———

IN vain I strive my heart to shield,
Spite of myself that heart will yield ;
In vain would hide a thousand ways
What every conscious look betrays :

The jest assum'd th' averted eye,
Poorly conceal the stifled sigh ;
Each stolen touch, which love impels,
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet

Yet not Eliza's charms alone,
Could ruling reason thus dethrone;
Her blooming graces tho' with pain,
My cautious bosom might sustain.

But arm'd with that enchanting mien,
Which speaks the feeling mind within;
How can my soften'd breast be free,
Thus caught by sensibility?

Yet not for me the tear will start,
Which proves Eliza's tender heart;
Yet not for me the smile will speak,
Which brightens in Eliza's cheek:

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,
Where nature is with joy at strife;
Her unembarrass'd looks declare,
That love is not triumphant there:

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,
The pompous banners wealth displays;
Each fond emotion distant keeps,
And all her native softness sleeps.

MEMOIRS

G

M E M O I R S
O F T H E
H I B E R N I A N P A T R I O T ,
A N D
*Miss M*****n.*

DESCENDED from one of the greatest families in Ireland, our hero possessed all the virtues and great qualities of his progenitors. Generous, hospitable, and humane, he in that country gained the esteem and affection of all his acquaintance, and was almost idolized by his tenants and dependants. The loyalty and patriotism of his much honoured father having raised him to the first rank in Ireland, his son treads in the same paths, and meets with the same royal marks of attention and approbation.

This gentleman gives very early testimonies of his natural genius and disposition for classical pursuits: nevertheless, the man of the world was not overlooked, and he considered the polite accomplishments as requisite objects to form the gentleman. Thus equipped, he started upon the theatre of life with all the advantages of a polite education, which failed not to set off a most agreeable and manly figure.

Such

Such attractions inspired the ladies with the strongest partiality for him. The Irish beauties vied with each other to appear the most amiable in his eyes, and he created more female rivals than were, perhaps, ever known. He was not insensible to their charms, but had hitherto preserved his heart, when he set out from that kingdom upon his travels.

On his first arrival here he found the British fair as much inclined to acknowledge his merit as the ladies in Ireland had been. His company was courted in all the polite circles, where he became an ornament among the most brilliant and poignant geniuses, by whom he was greatly cared for and esteemed.

Soon after this he paid a visit to the continent, and was most graciously received, particularly at Versailles. The French beauties, however, did not excite in him such emotions as his fair country women. Their artificial complexions, of which they make not the least secret, but would often repair in public with as little ceremony as placing a pin, in a great degree disgusted him: he could not, however, resist the charms of Mademoiselle F——tte, who seemed to study nature even in art, and if she endeavoured to heighten her attractions by cosmetics, it was done with so much care as scarce to be perceivable.

This lady had just issued from a nunnery, where she had been immured for some years, and was now released, to be betrothed to the Marquis de L——, who was seized with a sudden illness, and fell a sacrifice to his own rashness, in going abroad before he was perfectly recovered.

In France, though every married woman is intitled to her *chér ami*, it is thought scandalous for a single woman to give the world the least suspicion of her entertaining too favourable opinion of any man, let his rank be what it may; and if there is any great disparity in their situations, this suspicion will unavoidably increase. This was the case at present, our hero's rank and Mademoiselle F——tte's were at so great a distance, that it could not be supposed he would ever offer his hand in an honourable way. They were however incessantly together, and frequently seen even in the *tête à tête* parties. Mademoiselle's friends began to look cool upon her, and she was not invited to many parties, where before she constantly received polite cards. Her conduct at length reached her brother's ears. He was a mousquetaire, and supposed to be one of the best swordsmen in Paris: and, had she not judiciously convinced him that the reports spread to her disadvantage, were no more than the effects of scandal, founded on innocent gaiety, very disagreeable consequences might have ensued.

To

To pursue our hero in the other parts of his tour, we may readily suppose that he every where met with that attention due to his rank and dignity, and for which foreigners on the *bon ton* are so celebrated. He also failed not to make proper remarks on the customs and manners of the people, as well as their public edifices, amusements, and even their follies, which in all countries are pretty conspicuous. He conversed with men of letters as well as courtiers, and received all the information they could afford him; for which he amply repaid them by such intelligence concerning his own country, as they were in many respects very ignorant of.

Upon his return home, he found himself more caressed than ever. The antiquated dowagers, as well as the young widows, lavished their compliments upon him, and testified a strong desire to appear amiable in his eyes. He lost his money through compliment to the first, which in some measure gratified them; the latter were more desirous of playing a deeper game: his heart was the object of their attention; and it is confidently asserted that he made several sacrifices at the altar of the Cyprian goddess in their behalf. The ladies here alluded to are well known in polite life: some of them have proved themselves women of complete spirit, and the rest are strongly suspected.

A certain peevish Lord who has been out of temper with himself and the world for some time, took great umbrage at our hero's visits to his lady. This was chiefly occasioned by her proving pregnant for the first time after being married three years. A divorce was talked of: and the Hibernian Patriot, finding his Lordship had planted spies upon him, declined his visits, to rescue the lady's character, and restore the tranquillity of the family. But it is generally believed a certain house not far from St James's-Street, afforded them a rendezvous for a considerable time afterwards.

During this lady's confinement by her temporary illness, our hero had occasion to go over to Ireland, where he was received by all his friends and acquaintance in the most agreeable manner.

He had not long been in Dublin 'ere he made an acquaintance at the Castle with a most amiable young lady. She was the natural daughter of a certain English nobleman, who had figured in that country in a very elevated sphere. Her personal charms were not more attracting than her mental accomplishments, as the endowments of nature, which had been lavishly bestowed upon her, were greatly improved by a polite education. She was
then

then about eighteen, and had a number of admirers; but her heart had, hitherto, remained invulnerable.—The accomplishments of our hero, united to his very amiable character, made an impression upon her—but alas! his heart was not his own; he was not, however, insensible to her charms. By some fatality they always met in the same companies, and often found themselves at the same card-parties. These frequent interviews led to a train of consequences, which the world has been rather rigid in commenting upon.

Miss M——n (for that is the name the young lady goes by) being asked by our hero, in a *tete a tete* party concerning her history, innocently told it in few words. “ My mother was the widow of a gentleman of easy fortune, who by gaiety and dissipation out ran it—He died young, and left her in disagreeable circumstances. Being brought up in an elegant line of life, she had many respectable acquaintances, who contributed to support her in a manner worthy of their friendship. She was still in her prime, I will not add handsome, that may look like partiality in me. She had many suitors as a widow, but her first connubial connection, having proved so disagreeable, she refused, perhaps, some proposals to which she would have listened.

Although

Although a widow, she was at the Castle called "the Sparkler," and was so far qualified for the title, that she dazzled the eyes of the first man there. After this I need not descend to tell you the event. Here I am, to all appearances, in very splendid circumstances"—A flood of tears stopped her farther detail.

Our hero is a man of too much gallantry, to let the moistened eye of beauty plead without relief: he slipped a pocket book with some bank notes into her hand. He then took his leave for the present, and begged the favour of waiting upon her next day to breakfast. Silence gave consent, and being recovered, she was conveyed to her chair.

Such is the outline of the history of Miss M—n who now shines the meteor of a court, and the envy of most of the Hibernian ladies upon the *bon ton*. It is true no positive proof can be produced, that our hero has any more than a friendly, sentimental affection for Miss M—n; but "friendship with woman, is sister to love." Her apartments, from an indifferent first floor, are changed to an elegant house. She is no longer compelled to take a common *hack*: a brilliant *vis-a-vis* supplies its place. In fine, every circumstance of her situation bespeaks ease and affluence: let the world conclude what they may.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

GEORGE SELWYN.

IN the month of May, when debates ran high against the influence of the crown, and the patriots insisted much on the majesty of the people, George Selwyn, happening with some friends to meet a party of chimney sweeper's boys, decorated with gilt paper and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of their young Princes!"

A curious Punishment.

THE ancient Gauls condemned all those who had been degraded by a public penance, to run about the country stark naked, with a sword in their hand. The Dacians stripped a man who had been guilty of perjury, and compelled him to pass the remainder of his days like a wild beast. *Since he has ceased to be a man, said they, he has no right to wear clothes.*

H

CHEER.

CHEERFULNESS OF OLD AGE,

A N D

LEVITY of YOUTH, CONTRASTED.

CHEERFULNESS in old age is graceful. It is the natural concomitant of virtue. But this is widely different from the levity of youth. Many things are allowable in that early period, which, in maturer years, would deserve censure, but which in old age, become both ridiculous and criminal. By awkwardly affecting to imitate the manners, and to mingle in the vanities of the young, as the aged depart from the dignity, so they forfeit the privileges of grey hairs. But if by follies of this kind they are degraded, they are exposed to much deeper blame by descending to vicious pleasure, and continuing to hover round those sinful gratifications to which they were once addicted.

Amusement and relaxation the aged require, and may enjoy; but they should consider well by every intemperate indulgence they accelerate decay; instead of enlivening, they oppress and precipitate their declining state.

AN

A N H Y M N.

IN thee, O God ! I'll put my trust,
On thee alone depend !

Thou art my hope, my confidence,
My father and my friend.

Thro' all the various scenes of life,
My fate may yet afford,
My stedfast heart, with humble hope,
Shall rest on thee, O Lord !

Thou to this moment hast preserv'd,
And wilt preserve me still,
Therefore I chearfully submit
To thy most holy will.

In thy divine protection safe,]

What evils can I fear ?

Who'er forsakes me, still I know,
That thou, my God art near.

O may I still on thee rely,
And dread no ill but sin ;
Save me from that, and give me peace
And purity within.

ANEC.

A N E C D O T E

OF

HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN of
CHARLES the FIRST.

THIS beautiful Princess said of Kings, "that they should be as silent and as discreet as Father Confessors."

Some one appearing anxious to tell her the names of some persons who had indisposed many of the English Nobility against her, she replied, "I forbid you to do so. Though they hate me now, they will not perhaps always hate me; and if they have any sentiments of honour, they will be ashamed of tormenting a poor woman, who takes so little precaution to defend herself."

Active and indefatigable on the breaking out of the troubles, she goes to Holland to sell her jewels, and returns to England with several vessels loaded with provisions for her husband's army. The vessel that carried her was in great danger. She sat upon the deck with great tranquillity, and said laughingly, "Queens are never drowned."

ANEC-

ANECDOTE

OF

*HENRY the FOURTH,**King of France.*

HENRY the FOURTH on declaring war against Spain, had some thoughts of abolishing the land tax. Sully asked him where he should then be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In the hearts of my people," replied Henry; "*that* is a treasure which can never fail me."

Degeneracy of Human Nature.

LET us further suppose, what is sufficiently evident to our daily observation and experience, that all mankind are now a degenerate, feeble, and unhappy race of beings, that we are become sinners in the sight of God, and exposed to his anger: it is manifest enough, that this whole world is a fallen, sinful and rebellious province of God's dominion, and under the actual displeasure of its righteous Creator and Governor. The overspreading deluge of folly and error, iniquity and misery,

misery, that covers the face of the earth gives abundant ground for such a supposition. The experience of every man on earth affords a strong and melancholy proof, that our reasoning powers are easily led away into mistake and falsehood, wretchedly bribed and biaſſed by prejudices, and daily overpowered by ſome corrupt appetites or paſſions, and our wills led aſtray to chooſe evil inſtead of good. The beſt of us ſometimes break the laws of our Maker, by contradicting the rules of piety and virtue which our own reaſon and conſciences ſuggeſt to us. “ There is none righteous perfectly, “ no not one.” Nor is there one perſon upon earth free from troubles and difficulties, and pains and ſorrows, ſuch as teſtify ſome reſentments of our Maker.

Even from our infancy, our diſeaſes, pains and ſorrows begin, and it is very remarkably evident in ſome families, that theſe pains and diſeaſes are propagated to the offspring, as they were contracted by the vices of the parents: and particular vicious inclinations, as well as particular diſtempers, are conveyed from parents to children, ſometimes through ſeveral generations. The beſt of us are not free from irregular propenſities and paſſions even in the younger parts of life, and as our years advance, our ſins break out, and continue

tinue more or less through all our lives. Our whole race then is plainly degenerate, sinful and guilty before God, and are under some tokens of his anger.

A N E C D O T E

OF THE LATE

Sir THOMAS PRENDERGAST.

THE late Sir Thomas Prendergast, Post-master-general of Dublin, had such another affair in his family as that of Lord G—r. His Lady had indiscreetly made him a cuckold; and he took care the world should know it, insomuch that it engrossed the attention of the public throughout the nation. Whilst matters were carrying on with a high hand between the Lady and her Spouse, Sir Thomas happening one day to be in company with the earl of Kildare, asked the Earl, If he gave a great many franks?—"for," said he, "there comes more of your Lordship's franks to the post-office, than of any man's in Ireland; and I have often suspected they were forged." The Earl answered, that he gave but very few: he said, if so many came, they must be forged, to be sure; and intreated, as a favour, that the next might be stopped,

stopped, and brought to him; by means whereof, he said, he hoped he should be able to find out who it was had played the trick. Orders were accordingly given; and in about a day or two's time, there comes a frank which was brought to Sir Thomas, and immediately carried by him to the Earl. The Earl had several persons of distinction with him: however, Sir Thomas being a man of consequence, was readily introduced, and presented the frank.

As soon as the Earl saw the letter, he told Sir Thomas he really did not choose to open it;—"for you know," said he, "law-makers should not be law-breakers; upon which, he desired the Knight would be so kind as to open it himself, and see from whence it came. In obedience to his Lordship's commands, Sir Thomas directly opened the letter, when the first thing he cast his eyes upon, was the figure of a bed, curiously drawn on the paper, with a Lady lying in it, and over her head the inscription, "Lady Prendergast." The figure of a man in his shirt was also drawn, stepping into bed: over his head was written the name of the Gentleman who had horrified Sir Thomas; and the following words were properly placed, as if proceeding out of his mouth: "This is no counterfeit, Sir Thomas." The news

news of this comical adventure flew like lightning to every part of the town, and afforded great diversion among all degrees of people. Sir Thomas was cured of hunting after counterfeits, and the Earl not a little suspected of having a hand in the plot.

Definition of Politeness.

TRUE politeness is the art of making people equally pleased with us, and with themselves; and is an accomplishment highly necessary and valuable in every station. It is a certain polish, without which the best education, though it does not lose its use, is yet deficient as to its lustre. The polite charm us at first sight, and become the more agreeable the longer we converse with them; whereas the haughty are tyrants, who are shunned by all but their slaves, who would also shun them if they dared. True politeness, however, must be accompanied with sincerity.—An easiness of the countenance, affability in address, kindness in speech, complaisance in action, and professions of good will and friendship to all who approach him, will by no means constitute a polite man, if

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he is not in his heart what he seems to be in his behaviour.

How contemptible, then, is the present system of fine breeding, as it is termed. A multitude of bows and curtesies, of close embraces, a profusion of promises, and of vehement professions of friendship and respect;—these, and a long *et cætera* of civilities, which distinguish a modern fine gentleman or lady, are, with me, the tricks of a deceiver. In a word, good manners, good sense, and good nature, are the constituent parts of real politeness.

EQUALITY.

AMONG the favourite dreams of our modern *sophists*—for, in serious language, they deserve not the name of *philosophers*—is that captivating delusion of the vulgar, a system of Equality. Each human being, they assert, is originally formed *equal* with every other—all are equal, in the earth to which each is finally consigned—and why, they triumphantly demand, should not equality prevail during their residence on the globe of which they are by nature *equal* inheritors.

Specious

Specious as this reasoning may appear to superficial enquirers, it shrinks, like every phantom of error, from the torch of Truth. By that divine light, then, let us for a moment view these assertions, and we shall be at no loss for a reply to this insolent question; which carries with it no less a consequence than that of blasphemously arraigning the justice of our Creator!

That all are originally formed *equal*, is not true. We are neither *equal*, at our births, in size, in shape, in features, nor in complexion; and who, that is not both absurd and presumptuous, can pretend to demonstrate, that our intellectual qualities, or mere natural capacities, possess less variety, than our corporeal forms? Our organs of sense, in the earliest stages of infancy, every one knows, are more or less perfect: some are born totally, and some partially blind or deaf; some have natural impediments in their speech, and some are entirely dumb. Instead therefore, of allowing, that all are originally equal, we shall take the liberty to affirm—what we sincerely believe—that there never were, in reality, two beings exactly alike.

At the period when our bodies are deposited in the earth, and our intellectual faculties have forsaken the frail tenement which moulders into its

original dust, there certainly is the nearest approach to equality with which we are acquainted; since there remains, in fact, though still more than may be suspected, no difference for which it appears worth contending.

In the grave, then, but there only, and while the soul is separated from the body, all may be pronounced equal; with as little exception as any general position will, perhaps, admit. Let the sophist make the most of this concession, and what does he gain? A system of equality in certain quantities of inanimate earth! For, from the first moment in which vitality was given by the only giver of life, every power which accompanies that gift was bestowed in different proportions, according to the pleasure of him "whose wisdom is past finding out." These original disproportions, therefore, being perpetually varied and augmented by physical causes as well as acquired habits, by education, and, by what is called accident, such a diversity of necessity ensues, that the task of attempting to proportion principles and possessions, and reducing them to one general standard, is an undertaking not less absurd, than that of endeavouring to number the sands of the sea, and the drops of which it is composed.

To the question, then, why *equality* should not prevail during our residence on the globe, of which we are said to be by nature *equal* inheritors? we may safely reply—that such a system was evidently never intended by the creator of the world who has made every creature different from another; and respecting whose purposes in the formation of infinite varieties, though we may be permitted to enquire, we are certainly by no means qualified to decide. That no absolute state of *equality* ever has existed, we know perfectly well; that, in the nature of things, it never can exist, is no less evident; and deplorably ignorant must he be, who cannot discover, while contemplating the wonderful works of omnipotence, that from the diversity of parts, beauty results to the whole. It has indeed, been justly questioned, whether there ever were two blades of grass exactly the same.

Should it be observed, that *equality*, not *similarity*, is what these subtle logicians contend for; we have only to reply, that where *dissimilarity* is proved, the existence of *inequality* proves itself.

Cease, then, ye disturbers of mankind, to contend for your favourite *equality*. With God, be assured, it is no favourite doctrine; for it originates, we are persuaded, in enmity to Him, tho' we cannot but charitably hope, that it may often be ignorantly promulged by those who do not perceive it's diabolical tendency.

THE

T H E

CONTEMPLATIST ;

A NIGHT PIECE.

THE nurse of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign ;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears !
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle night repairs.

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime ;
Its branches brav'd the sky !
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time
Shall youth and vigour die.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran ?
Vapours ! How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man !

But

But there's a friendly guide!— a flame;
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's ofier shed.

Among the ruffet shades of night,
It glances from afar !
And darts along the dusk : so bright
It seems a silver star !

In coverts, (where the few frequent)
If virtue deigns to dwell;
Tis thus the little lamp Content
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep !
The poppies pendent o'er its fides
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent ! ye gay !
Reflect— for as the river runs
Life wings its tractless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceal their azure sky ;
Save, where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred truth behind :
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign,
They lock the Shepherd's fold ;
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold !

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize !
For having trod a devious way
The little Rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
Whom pleasure once misguides,
When hurried from the halcyon cot
Where Innocence presides.—

The passions, a relentless train !
To tear the victim run :
She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,
Is conquer'd— and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way ;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day !

Tis thus the pigmy sons of Power
Advance their vain parade !
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worm, fade !

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform !
The silver host that shone so bright
Is hid behind a storm !

The angry elements engage !
An oak, (an invied bower !
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shield's me from the shower.

The rancour thus, of rushing fate,
I've learnt to render vain :
For while Integrity's her feat
The soul will set serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought !
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—the consecrated dome !
The temple rais'd to Peace !
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race !

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental fight
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace the little chaos past!
The gentle moon's restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

Yes— when yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

*The Necessity of endeavouring to form right
Notions of GOD.*

THE evidences which nature affords of the existence of a supreme eternal Deity, are so numerous and striking, that they cannot wholly escape the notice even of the most thoughtless and inattentive, or those who are most deeply immersed in vice.

Slight & transient convictions of some particular truths relative to God, can have little efficacy toward the due regulation of our general conduct: It must therefore be requisite, that as soon as we have entered upon a virtuous course of life, we should endeavour to acquire consistent views of each of his perfections, and to keep such views of them always present to our minds.

The necessity of our endeavouring thus to *acquaint ourselves with God*, must be obvious to every one who admits the least reflection; and the advantages resulting from a course of action habitually suited to a just sense of the divine perfections, are the greatest and most important that can possibly be attained by any rational being.

If there is a God, our happiness must be entirely in his hands. He cannot be indifferent

to the behaviour of his creatures. Every one, whose conduct is acceptable to this sovereign disposer of all events, will, sooner or later, be enabled to acquire every thing that can justly be the object of his desires; and they whose conduct is displeasing to the Deity, must undoubtedly draw down upon themselves the most tremendous evils: if, therefore we have any rational regard to our own welfare, we must above all things be solicitous to form right notions of the perfections of God, and of the methods by which we may secure his approbation and favour.

A due sense of the divine perfections must have a peculiar tendency to incline us to every species of goodness, and to render us always steadfast in the discharge of every part of our duty: that there is no necessity to consider any one part of our duty as having a natural priority, or as being intrinsically more sacred and indispensable than any other. But the influence of some truths, and some virtuous dispositions, is certainly much more extensive than that of others. It must therefore, upon the whole, be expedient more immediately and more particularly to apply ourselves to the cultivation of those principles and dispositions which will be most efficacious to lead us to genuine rectitude in every part of our temper and conduct.

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And this is sufficient to evince the propriety of labouring, in the first place, to impress our minds with just sentiments of the Deity: for what is there that can so powerfully excite us to every act of benevolence and social virtue, or what motives can inspire us with so much ardour in the pursuit of every kind of internal rectitude, as those which arise from the habitual contemplation of the most amiable and adorable excellencies of the Great Creator and Preserver of the universe?—The frequent contemplation of the Divine Perfections, may indeed justly be expected to make so strong an impression upon the human mind, that he who does not vigorously exert himself in the performance of every part of his duty, may reasonably be supposed to doubt of the being of a God, or to have fallen into some very gross errors with respect to the most essential properties of his nature.

The knowledge of God, and the practice of those duties which have a more immediate reference unto him, also be an abundant source of the completest serenity, and of the most exquisite satisfaction and joy.—How just is the advice of the ancient sage in holy writ, *Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace!* If our minds are habitually impressed with a lively sense of the divine perfections,

tions, and capable of engaging in the exercises of devotion with that humble confidence which must naturally accompany a consciousness of our maintaining a practical regard to all the truths that we can discover with respect to God, what farther consolation can we ever stand in need of? Let our external circumstances be the most difficult and uncomfortable that can possibly be imagined, if we know there is so great and so good a Being at the head of the universe, and that he will for ever invariably be our friend, this must surely appear to be sufficient cause for constant joy, and for the highest exultation and triumph of spirit.

It is also evident, that the contemplation of God, and the prevalence of true piety in the soul, is that which most ennobles and dignifies a rational Being. God is certainly the worthiest object upon which our thoughts or our affections can possibly be placed; and an habitual elevation of the mind unto God, must tend to render us *God-like* in our own frame and moral character. It seems scarcely possible, that he whose mind is inured to serious reflections on the nature of God, should continue in a state of slavery to low and groveling affections. Such contemplations must give quite a new turn to his ideas, must enable him to form a just estimate of every object that presents itself to his

his view, and must lead him to cultivate a new indifference to every thing that is not in its own nature excellent and truly sublime: and the more frequently that we repeat our meditations upon the Divine Perfections, the more must our minds improve in every thing that is truly great and good. We shall for ever be able to find new cause for admiration, when we think seriously of God.

The more we have already learned concerning him, the more able shall we be to discover farther excellences in his nature, and additional marks of wisdom and goodness in his dealings with his creatures; and, by the diligent prosecution of these researches, the various powers and faculties of our own minds must continually be more and more refined and exalted; and our progress in true goodness proportionably advanced. But now on the other hand, let us consider how dishonourable it is to our rational nature, to be ignorant of the Divine Perfections. What pre-eminence can we claim above the brutes, if we have no consistent ideas of our Maker, and never manifest any regard to him! If there be any real excellence in the intellectual and rational powers of our nature, that can possibly degrade us so low, as a want of attention to that great and adorable Being, who
is

is the true standard of all perfection, and the original source of all good ! Let us also recollect how many cases there are in life, in which it will be wholly impossible for us to discharge the whole of our duty, if we are not actuated by a most sincere and lively regard to the nature and will of God.— Above all, let us seriously reflect how many occurrences in life may put it out of our power to enjoy any rational peace and composure of mind, if we are destitute of that support which can only be derived from a firm and vigorous belief of the Divine Perfections, and from a full persuasion of our being interested in his protection and favour. And these united considerations must surely be sufficient to determine us to use every method in our power to inform ourselves, as completely as possible, what God is in his own nature, what manifestations he has given of himself in his works, what relations he stands in to us, what conduct he requires from us, and what we may justly expect from him, in consequence of our acting in conformity or in opposition to his will.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

THE clock just struck two ; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket ; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest : nothing wakes, but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl ; the robber walks his midnight round ; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the fallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing ; but a few hours past, walked before me ; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a forward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around ! the dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam ; no sound is heard, but of the chiming clock, or the distant watchdog ; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten : an hour like this, may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporay solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

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What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joys as just, and as unbounded; and with short-sighted presumption, promise themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transitoriness of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there, their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile: Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen; for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and, at last, swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which, but some few hours ago, were crowded? and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their
couch

couch and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: The world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of the Winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches, whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees, who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species

of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility! or, why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it, more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

Trust in the Son of God.

THEY that have trusted in the Son of God, begin to find peace in their own consciences; they can hope God is reconciled to them through the blood of Christ; that their iniquities are atoned for, and that peace is made betwixt God and them. This belongs only to the doctrine of Christ, and witnesses it to be divine; for there is no religion that ever pretended to lay such a foundation of pardon and peace, as the religion of the Son of God does; for he has made himself a propitiation; Jesus the righteous is become our reconciler, by becoming a sacrifice: Rom. iii. 25. "him that God set forth for a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past; that

that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus: Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God. Rom. V. I. "Behold the Lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world! was the language of John, who was but the forerunner of our religion, and took a prospect of it at a little distance: and much more of the particular glories and blessings of this atonement is displayed by the blessed Apostles, the followers of the Lamb. Other religions, that have been drawn from the remains of the light of nature, or that have been invented by the superstitious fears and fancies of men, and obtruded on mankind by the craft of their fellow-creatures, are at a loss in this instance, and cannot speak solid peace and pardon.

A N E C D O T E

OF

LORD TOWNSHEND.

WHEN Lord Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Harcourt was, on a certain vicissitude of public measures, abruptly appointed to supersede him. He arrived very late in Dublin harbour, and meeting with no convenient

nient accommodation for him and his suite, he set off, after a slight refreshment, for the Castle, where he did not arrive till midnight. Lord Townshend, who only staid in Ireland to receive him, was at this period, with a select party of convivial friends, over a bottle, which, when Lord Harcourt was informed of, he, without any ceremony, walked up stairs. His sudden and unexpected appearance, threw the whole party into confusion, except Lord Townshend himself, who, with a gaiety of manner, in which he peculiarly excels, congratulated him on his safe arrival, desired him to sit down and do as he did, observing at the same time with a happy pleasantry, that although he had come at the *twelfth hour*, he had not caught him napping.

HYMN to HEALTH.

FIRST-BORN of Heav'n! for without thee,
 Blest *Health*, the Gods themselves would be }
 Oppress'd by immortality!
 Come, then, thou best of blessings, come,
 And make my humble roof thy home;
 Propitious come, and shed a ray
 Of gladness on my setting day.

For

For if there be in wealth a charm,
 If joys the parent's bosom warm,
 Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis giv'n
 To perfect every boon of Heav'n.
 If diadems the fancy please,
 Thy hand must make them sit with ease.
 Lost without thee were CUPID's wiles,
 And VENUS owes thee half her smiles.
 Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,
 Thou giv'st th' enjoyment, or the cure;
 Where'er thou spread'st thy balmy wing,
 Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring;
 All wishes meet in thee alone:
 For HAPPINESS and HEALTH are one.

LORD NORTHINGTON.

CHANCELLOR NORTHINGTON was a man of great frankness and openness of character.—His Sovereign gave this testimony of his honesty; "that he was the only one of his ministers who had never deceived him." Lord Northington seems very early in life to have had pre-sentiments of the dignity to which he should rise; for one day, when he was a student at Oxford, in walking up Headington-Hill with a friend of his

his destined for orders, he told him, when I am Chancellor I will take good care of you;" which indeed he afterwards did, upon being reminded by the latter of the promise he made. In the latter part of his life he took very much to the reading of the Hebrew language. Part of his celebrated speech on passing sentence on Lord Ferrers was made use of by a very acute *Nisi Prius* Judge, on passing sentence of death a few years ago on a criminal of birth and education.

SERIOUSNESS.

NOTHING excellent can be done without seriousness, and he that courts wisdom must be in earnest. A serious man is one that duly and impartially weighs the moments of things; so as neither to value trifles, nor despise things really excellent; that dwells much at home, and studies to know himself, as well as men and books; that considers why he came into the world, how great his business, and how short his stay; how uncertain it is when we shall leave it, and whither a sinner shall then betake himself, when both heaven and earth shall fly before the presence of the judge; considers God as always present; and the folly of doing what must be repented of, and of going to hell,

hell, when a man may go to heaven. In a word, that knows how to distinguish between a moment and eternity.

Nothing is more ridiculous, than to be serious about trifles, and to be trifling about serious matters.

There are looking-glasses for the face, but none for the mind; that defect must be supplied by a serious reflection upon one's self. When the external image escapes, let the internal retain and correct it.



DISINTERESTED LOVE,

OR THE

GENEROUS COUNTRY GIRL.

LOVE often becomes a serious affair, when it is only meant to be an amusement. The Marquis de Clerville, who was young, lovely, and formed to please, had refused twenty matches, every one of which was more considerable than the other; but his taste for liberty had been a bar in the way of his settlement. However, a plain country girl disconcerted the plan of independence

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dence which he had sketched out to himself, and he is soon going to give his hand to his farmer's daughter. De Clerville, such as we have just now described him, bought a very pretty estate that lay contiguous to another of his own. He was induced to make this purchase through the solicitations of one of his farmers, whose name was Boiffart, a downright honest man.

The Marquis soon perceived within himself a strong desire of improving this land, and, though he had no thoughts of residing there, yet he was very eager to set labourers upon it: for man must have some object of employment, and this estate served Clerville instead of a better. One day as he happened to be at Boiffart's he saw there a young woman extremely pretty, which made him very earnest in enquiring who she was; the farmer told him she was his daughter, whom he had at a convent for her education. As this is not a usual thing among country people, Clerville asked him why he did not keep her at home, that she might be assisting to her mother.

The reason, answered Boiffart, is, because I have no other Intention than to procure her happiness. I could wish that Angelica would resolve to take the religious vows upon her. Think
not,

not, added he, that this is with any view of sacrificing her to the interest of my son; they are both equally dear to me. I would, however, freely consent to bestow half of what little I have in the world to see her take that resolution; and it is purely for her good that I have conceived any such wish. For, in short, what settlement in life can I procure her? None, where she can find so much happiness, as in a cloister; and, I may add too, none that is more worthy of herself: yes, continued the honest farmer, I may speak in this manner too, and whoever shall be acquainted with her, cannot imagine that I am guided by a blind fondness in the opinion I have conceived of her.

She does not then give into the same opinion with you, answered the Marquis, and a cloister is not to her taste. Yes, yes, returned her father it is, and yet she cannot resolve to take the religious veil: not that she has a mind to marry; for she is as well convinced as I am, that I cannot procure her, in that state, the happiness she deserves. She has a heart exalted above her condition; and without entertaining any contemptible notions of her equals, she does not find herself formed to live among them, nor to employ herself wholly in such occupations as the narrowness of her fortune will oblige her to take up with.

Moreover she is afraid to engage herself in a state from which death alone can deliver her; and I, for my own part, fear every thing should I happen to die before she has made choice of a settlement. She is a girl of understanding it is true; but what assurance can one conceive of a young woman that is left to her own conduct? For, should her heart speak to her in behalf of any body, to what hazards must she then be exposed.

As he ended these words, his daughter came in, upon whom the Marquis could not forbear looking without admiration. He asked her a few questions; she gave him modest answers to them, but with all the sprightliness imaginable. He then returned to his country seat, thither the idea of Angelica followed him; and from that day forwards he was very often at the farmer's: here he saw this charming creature, and tried every way he could to make her read in his eyes that the pleasure of seeing her was the motive that drew him thither.

After some interval, he one day found her at home by herself, when she offer'd to go and look for her father; no, no, says Clerville to her, I'll wait for him; and whilst I am with you, continued he, I shall not perceive that he stays long;
Angelica

Angelica gracefully returned the Marquis's politeness. He then asked if she would tarry any time with her father, to which she made answer, that in a few days she proposed returning to the convent.

What so soon, replied Clerville, will you voluntarily shut yourself up! Would not you rather chuse to stay here? If I had any great mind to that, returned she, my father has friendship enough for me, not to oppose it; but I have been brought up from my tenderest years in the convent, where are a thousand charms calculated for me: the habit of living there, and the tranquility I there enjoy, serve me as great amusements. This is wisely spoken, returned Clerville to her; but tell me now frankly, does your liking to a retired life proceed from your natural inclination, or from something adventitious that determines your reason? Suppose you were to find yourself in a more brilliant situation, would you still retain that inclination? I do not know that, says she; but I will own to you that the liking which I have for a recluse life is no more than a comparative liking: I love it better than the life I lead here; but, were it in my power to lead any other, perhaps the scale would not incline to the side of the cloister;

It

— It were a great loss that such a lovely creature as you are, should shut herself up all the rest of her life. Fair Angelica, continued the Marquis, you affect as if you did not understand me; though you might, for some time past, have read in my eyes what passes in my heart. Know then that I adore you, sweet angel! Fortune has put it in my power to repair the injury she has done you, and it is only from this moment that I know the value of those blessings which she has bestowed upon me. My love can perform every thing for you; will you refuse to do something in return to it? Upon uttering these words, the Marquis would have embraced her, but she turned him away with an air of disdain.

— I am, says she, a very unhappy creature, that my poverty should expose me to such kind of language. It does not become a man of honour to demean himself so as to insult me with a state which I never before found so miserable as at this very moment. Here tears flowed into her eyes: Clerville at this time, imagining that her virtue, after being alarmed by an attack which it had never before undergone, would soon languish and give way in the arms of an importunate lover; he therefore gave her fresh assurances that he adored her, and thinking to persuade her, not so
much

much by the rhetoric of his words as gestures, he had a mind to push matters a little farther. One makes, (says Angelica, seizing upon a knife that she saw lie upon a table,) what defence one can against an assassin, and the man that would rob me of my honour, I look upon, as such. Upon this the Marquis withdrew: Come not near me, continued she, or I shall let you know the injustice you do me in suspecting me capable of baseness. Clerville, astonished at a steady firmness which he did not expect, changed his battery immediately: Good-lack-a-day! says he to her, if it be criminal to love you, if my passion makes you outrageous, revenge yourself, I find I cannot but be still culpable; I will then always love you.

Your friendship, answered Angelica, does me honour, and it shall be my endeavour to merit your esteem; my heart is noble, if my extraction is not so: want of birth is not at all incompatible with honour, and should not draw upon me the disrespect you plainly meant.

At each word the Marquis's surprize rose higher and higher; now esteem, respect, and love took place of those sentiments which had at first set him on work.

You

You form a very wrong judgment, says he to her, of my way of thinking; the most violent love has been the cause of my crime, for I look upon myself as guilty, in that I could even have disobliged you, I have, continued he, the most sincere esteem for you, but is not your heart capable in some measure of sensibility?

It would perhaps, answered Angelica, have been so weak as to have had too much of it for any one who had given me less cause of provocation; and you have done me some service by letting me know your way of thinking.

Clerville could make her no answer: he perceived Boissart come in again; whereupon he endeavoured to conceal the confusion he was in, and he put off, till next day, any further conversation on this subject.

The first sentiments with which Angelica had inspired the Marquis were not very delicate; the heart had but a very little share therein, and it was just no more than the liking which draws us towards an object we find amiable, that had thus far actuated him. He wanted some employment, and he imagined he should find an amusement to fill up the vacant hours of so long a stay in the country; and, being naturally of an indolent disposition

position he had looked on this as a charming intrigue, in which he reckoned money would defray all the charges, save him from a thousand little anxieties, and deliver him from that resistance which the sex usually make as a prelude to the favours they grant.

But his sentiments were now quite changed; the esteem which he conceived for the farmer's young daughter had quite refined him, the heart spoke; what spirit, what greatness of soul, and what virtue, said he to himself, is there in returning to her; she is not insensible, and I may hope to be able to communicate my sentiments to her; this I am assured of by the last words she spoke, and more still by that lovely frankness of hers. "You have done me some Service in letting me know your way of thinking," Is not this telling me that her heart is for me?

He was possessed with this sweet reverie a long while; and he represented to himself his own happiness, sometimes as an object near at hand, and at other times as afar off; but always as a thing incontestible. He imagined that a woman whose heart is affected for any person, does not hold out long against him, if he knows how to improve his advantages.

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The night passed, and the Marquis was preparing to return to Angelica, when he received a letter from Boissart, acquainting him that his daughter having earnestly importuned him to reconduct her to the convent, he could not refuse her that favour, and begged to be excused; but, as soon as he returned, he would be sure to wait on him to receive his commands.

What news must this be to a man, who believed himself already happy! Can I, said he to himself, see the lovely object? Will permission be granted me for that purpose? Thus he passed a very uneasy day, when towards evening the farmer arrives; and by the manner in which he talked of his daughter, the Marquis was confirmed in the fears he was under, that she had complained of her father to him.

The Marquis was eight days, before he durst venture to go near the convent, but at length he took horse and arrived there; he called for Angelica in her father's name, who soon appeared in the parlour, into which he had been introduced just before. She shewed great surprize at the sight of Clerville, and was even upon the point of withdrawing out of the room.

He read her intention in her eyes, Madam,
says

says he to her, be so good as to stay, nor fly from a lover who had no need of your putting up any bars to keep him within the bounds of that respect which is due to you from him. If I could be so unhappy as to disoblige you, I am come to offer you a penitent criminal, and to submit to whatever penalty you shall be pleased to inflict; he will reckon himself happy, if you will permit him to see you sometimes, which is the only recompence that the most tender passion demands; Will you refuse me this?

I don't know as to that, answered she, and, considering in what manner you have treated me, I cannot refer it to you what I ought to do; otherwise I would have put it to yourself, whether the noise your visits would be very likely to make, might not prove injurious to my reputation.

I would have followed your advice some time ago, but what appearance is there I should trust to it after? Yes, yes, fair Angelica, returned Clerville briskly, you may very safely; your sentiments are too respectable, but that I must answer the confidence you repose in me as I ought. I shall see you then as seldom as possible in public. Yet how dear will this reserve cost me! but what is it that I shall scruple to do, in order to save a repu-

tation, upon which depends all my happiness; and will you still persist inflexible to my love.

Take, says she to him, thorough cognizance of me, and see yourself what you may expect by that which I have been already capable of doing, and by what I am going to declare to you.

From the first moment I saw you, I cannot tell what has passed within my breast. I have always wished to see you again, and felt uneasiness in your absence. In short, added she, with a blush, my heart has spoken a language to me in your behalf to which I was quite a stranger, before I knew you.

The Marquis, all in raptures, returned the fair his thanks for this open declaration, and pronounced himself the happiest man alive. I wish, replied she, that you may be so, but, if in loving you I was able to fly from you, I find that I have resolution enough still left never to see you any more, if you fail of that decorum and reserve which I require of you. Clerville, after assuring her that she had nothing to fear on that score, told her all that could inspire her with the most lively and tender passion, and at last he took his leave and withdrew.

While

While upon the road, he reflected upon the emotions of his own heart, and the effects they might produce, and trembled when he considered how far his passion might carry him.

Angelica, said he to himself, is a woman of spirit, and virtue too, or she affects to have enough of it to be able to deprive me of all hopes of being happy; I love her, and I can do any thing.

He was wholly taken with these thoughts till he came to his country seat, when such reflections flowed in to his assistance, as determined him to see her no more. However, his reason in pointing to him what he had to fear from such a resolution, did not leave him strength sufficient to get the better of his passion.

He continued some days without going to see Angelica; he quitted the country for a while, but absence only inflamed his love. He returned again fully resolved to conquer, cost him what it would, the inflexibility of the fair one. Accordingly he repaired to the convent, and used all the arts he could to prevail upon her to return to her father's, but she still persisted obstinate.

I don't at all fear you, said she to the Marquis, and I don't know, if I ought not to be apprehen-

five

five of fear myself; let me live in peace, nothing can make me change my resolution; you love me, and I have avowed to you; that I loved you, What would you have more? Let us then live satisfied with this friendship; you may see me here the same as at my father's; and, if it be true that you have an esteem for me, you can desire no more of me.

What would be the case were I to quit my convent! What, do you think I am capable of such weakness, and that I am tired of opposition! It is you who have forced me to retire hither. To what dangers should I expose myself, if I returned home? I should see you every moment, you would importune me, I should perhaps yield; reflection, would afterwards raise honor in my breast against you; I should hate you, and could no longer see a man, whose presence would be an eternal reproach to me.

I will go farther, suppose I should soon be lost to all sense of shame, then you would shun me with the same earnestness which you now affect to shew in finding me out; I should all my life have cause to reproach myself with a crime, and moreover I should have the mortification of seeing myself despised.

You

You are a man of honour, added she ; I appeal to yourself upon this head, whether these are monstrous chimeras which I raise to myself without any manner of occasion, and whether one of these three things just now mentioned would not be the case.

No, no, charming Angelica, answered the Marquis; and, to shew you how far my tenderness goes, do but consent to make me happy, and I fly this moment to ask your father's approbation. Will you have any scruple to take me for a husband.

Angelica paused for some time without making any answer; she appeared all in a flutter and confusion, but, resuming soon the thread of her discourse, no says she, I will not consent to it, and this will be ill-requiting the sentiments you entertain of me, should I accept a proposal which your passion alone induces you to make.

This passion will not always last; I know what you are, and what I am myself, without birth, and without fortune; you will quickly repent of your having given me your hand, and in that case I should be the most wretched woman upon earth.

Banish, returned Clerville, such fears, they do but wrong me; I love you, and you flatter me
with

with some kind of return, so that we must needs be happy together. An illustrious birth and an ample fortune do not constitute happiness; such blessings as these are extrinsic to man, you have advantages that peculiarly belong to yourself, and which I value infinitely more; your virtue and your beauty are true blessings, and this is a more real merit, than that which is commonly tacked by the world to birth, where fortune is the sole arbitress.

You are quite blinded, says Angelica, to him, by your love; reflect, Sir, not for the present moment, but for the remainder of your life. This beauty which you account so much, and extol so highly above what it really is, is a blessing of a short duration; the least accident in life can strip me of it, and, even without that, years will anon bring it to decay.

When the external figure of my body ceases any more to be pleasing, you will abate a good deal of the opinion you have conceived of my understanding; you will bring it down to its true value, that is, a mere trifle. It requires not great attention to see that very often the fine shape of a woman does solely add weight to what she says, and which would be looked upon as nothing in any other mouth. The time will come when this shall

this shall be my case. With regard to my character, is it possible for you to know it thoroughly? Two months of marriage might perhaps discover to you in it such oddities as might throw you into the gulph of despair. No, I repeat it to you again, I will never consent to make you miserable. Let us know each other, and love each other; I shall have no reason to reproach myself with the knowledge of your worth, and I will let my heart follow its own inclinations; so that this is all I can do for you, and be persuaded, that, if I loved you less, I would not have refused your offer.

The Marquis, in his going to see Angelica, had not absolutely a mind to take her to wife; but the obstinate resistance he met with from her, at last determined him. He did all he could to persuade her, but it was all to no purpose. In fine, he told her, that he would go and obtain her at her father's hands. If you prevail with him, says she to Clerville, to second your wishes, I do not hesitate one moment longer, here I take the veil. I chuse rather to sacrifice myself, that I may not render you miserable, than to expose you to certain remorse, which would disturb the ease of your life, and lay me open to all the chagrines and anxious reflections which would constantly attend me, and which I could never shake off.

O

Clerville

Clerville withdrew more enamoured than ever, and he spoke to the father; upon this Boiffart struck with surprize, flew immediately to find his daughter, whom he even pressed; but she gave him the same answer as she had done before to the Marquis. In fine, as to their intention to taking her from the convent, she protested that, if they committed the violence upon her inclinations, she should take the vows.

The Marquis returned to see Angelica, complained to her, and accused her of having but very little affection for him. But she still assured him, that, if she had loved him less, her conduct would be different. Clerville, when he saw that nothing could conquer her obstinacy, took his leave, and set out to return to Paris.

He imagined that he might lose the very idea of his love in the midst of pleasures; but this proved a vain remedy; his passion was too strong, he returned to his estate in the country, from which he flew to the convent more enamoured than ever. Angelica still continued in the same mind, yet she was glad to see her lover again, who, being deeply afflicted at her inflexible obstinacy, fell dangerously ill; she was sorry to hear the state the Marquis lay in, but her father at length got her

her to quit the convent; she went to see Clerville, was very sorry for him, and at last came to get the better of her delicacy; upon which the Marquis quickly recovered, and Hymen crowned both these tender lovers.

Now the Marquis de Clerville is the happiest man alive; he still finds in Angelica a tender-hearted and delicate female, who knows her province, a refined friend, an endeavouring spouse, and one who gives him no other uneasiness, than that of being able to flatter himself that he deserves her.



Georgical Anecdote.

AN opulent farmer, tenant of a noble Lord (Gage) who rented nearly a thousand a year of the estate of the latter in Sussex, previous to the falling in of a lease of a smaller farm adjoining, of the rent of 80l. lately applied for the lease of it, offering 130l. The terms were accepted, and he had the farm. Soon after the original possessor applied for a renewal, and had the mortification to hear it was disposed of; in vain he pleaded that his family had been in possession of it for

nearly a century, and that the rents had been always regularly paid; the new lease was signed, and could not be cancelled: however, his lordship told the man to call in a few days, and he would think of accommodating him; this he did, and was then informed, that, as *some kind of recompence* for having lost his small farm, if he chose, he might have the lease of the large one, which was nearly expired. This offer appeared of a magnitude which at first staggered the applicant, till he was further told that whatever money he might be in want of, as necessary to so extensive an undertaking, he should be accommodated. The bargain was on these terms acceded to, no doubt with gratitude on the part of the tenant, and not less heart-felt satisfaction on that of the noble landlord, who had thus an opportunity the next day of informing the avaricious speculator, in turn, that the lease of *his* farm was disposed of, and that to the very man he had been so active to deprive of the means of procuring an honest subsistence!—Ye Landholders throughout the country, go and do likewise!

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
VEGETABLE CREATION.

WHEN we cast our eyes around the fields, there are few but are struck with admiration at the beauty of the vegetable creation ; but the mind enchanted with the prospect, seldom at the same time reflects on the vast benefit we receive from this part of nature ; though it would greatly exalt our ideas of the Great Author of Nature, did we reflect, at the same time that we survey with admiration the beauties of the vegetable kingdom, what great benefit we receive from the fields and forests.

View all the floors, the wainscoating, and other ornaments of your rooms, with most of their furniture and hangings, what were they all once but *plants, or vegetables*, growing green upon the ground ? Whence, I say again, came the floor you tread on, part whereof is sometimes inlaid with different colours ? Whence the fair pannels of wainscoat and the cornices that encompass and adorn cathedrals and palaces ? Whence their lofty roofs of cedar, and the carved ornaments thereof ? Are they not all the spoils of the trees of the forest ?

forest? Were not these once the verdant standards of the grave or the mountain? What are all our hangings of gay tapestry, and the most beautiful papers, both plain and embossed? Are they not owing to the fleece of the sheep, which borrowed their nourishment from the grass of the meadows? In short, thus the gay finery of the parlour and bed chamber was once the green growing grass; the very curtains, and the linen, and the costly coverings, where we take our nightly repose, even to our night caps, were some few years ago all growing vegetables in the open fields.

Is not the hair of camels a part of the materials which compose those rich curtains that hang down the windows and easy chairs of the great? And were not camels, with their costly hair, originally made of grass, as the sheep and their wool, the coarsest of which, as coarsely manufactured, make homely coverings for the indigent and poor.

We allow the chimney and the coals, with the implements of the hearth, the brass, and iron, and the little money in the pocket, were dug out of the ground, from their beds of different kinds, and we must go below the surface of the earth to fetch them; but what think ye, then, of the nice
tables

tables of *Mosaic work*? they confess the forest their parent.

What are the books before you, and every where else, even the little implements of paper, and wax, pens, wafers, and parchment? They have all the same original, they were once mere vegetables, or green grass. Paper and books owe their being to the tatters of linen, which were woven of the threads of flax or hemp: the paste-board covers are composed of paper, and the leather is the skin of the calf, that drew its life and sustenance from the grass of the field. The pens we write with were plucked from the wings of the goose, which grazes upon the grass of the common: the ink horn was borrowed from the front of the grazing ox: the wafers made of the paste of the bread corn; and the wax is originally plundered from the bee, who, scraped it together from a thousand flowers.

But, what is still more, we owe our dress also to the vegetable kingdom. For who gave the silken habit to the rich? Do not they borrow it from the worm that spun those shining threads? And whence did the worm get it, but from the green leaves of the mulberry tree? Thus, whence come our fine linen, and the costly Flanders lace that

that surround it, the delight of the ladies? Were not they both made of the stalks of flax, that grew lately up in the field, like other vegetables? And are not the finest of our muslins owing to the Indian cotton tree? Nor is there an upper garment whether cloak, coat, or night gown, from the shoulders to the feet, on man or woman, as rich and new as they may be, which the sheep or the silk-worm had not worn before you. It is certain that the beaver bore our hats on his skin; that soft fur was his covering before it was ours. The materials of our very shoes, both the upper and under part thereof, even the soles themselves, covered the calf or the heifer, before they were put on our feet: all which were green grass at first, of one species or other, growing out of the ground.

But what is more wonderful still, even all the animal world, too, owes its being to vegetables. Stupendous indeed! These bulky, beautiful bodies of our's, both flesh and bone, or fine features and well-turned limbs of our's, were all growing vegetables once in the fields and meadows; and thus it is plainly proved. Was not our infancy nursed with milk and bread-corn? Have we not been fed with wheat, though it was of the finest kind? And our drink, what has it been but the infusion of barley, or the juice of the grape? Or, for variety,

variety, perhaps, the cyder grove has supplied us. The flesh with which we have been nourished to such a will proportioned statute, belonged to four footed animals, or to the fowls of the air; and each of these have either been fed with corn or grafs. Whence then has your or my fleshy body been supported so long, and what else can you rationally think they are made of?

Our limbs, certainly, and all our bulky adventitious body, (the first stamen only excepted,) owe themselves entirely to the animal or vegetable food, to the roots or the stalks, to the leaves or the fruit of plants; or to the flesh of brute creatures, which have passed through our mouths these many years, or the mouths of our parents before us.

This gouty hand of mine, that can scarce move the pen would have been worn to a mere skeleton, my arms had been dry bones, and my trunk and ribs the statue of death, had they not all received perpetual recruits from the field; and the substance of them is only transformed grafs, which formerly grew green out of the ground, but will make no part of our resurrection body.

Our flesh and bones, which we call our's now, did belong to the sheep or the ox before they

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were

were part of our's, and served to clothe their bones before they covered our's; and may do the like office again to others hereafter. Now, who without philosophical contemplation, or informations from others, could possibly suppose that any part of ourselves was once hurried through the air in the breast of a frightened partridge, or the white leg of a woodcock, which came before night into our net, or was shot by our indefatigable gunnery; or that any piece of us was ever driven through the fields, before the full-mouthed hounds, on the legs of an hunted hare, which was the next day prepared for your tables? Had you ever so strange a thought as this is? And can you believe it now; or, upon a survey of the argument, can you tell how to deny it? And what are hares, partridges, and woodcocks made of but growing herbage or shatter'd corn?

It is true, we have sometimes tasted of fish, either from the sea or the rivers; but even those, in their original, also are a sort of grass; they have been partly by sea weeds, and partly by lesser fish which they devoured, whose prime and natural nourishment was from some vegetable matter in the watery world. In short, my good readers, I am free to declare, that whether I have fed on the ox, or the sheep, or the fowls of the air, or the fish of the

the waters, I am certain this aged body, and these limbs of mine, even to my teeth (which have not left me yet) and nails, and the hairs of my head, are all borrowed originally from the vegetable creation, and a few years ago decked the surface of the earth with green grafs & agreeable flowers; wherefore flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, but the original staminal body only. Else, every thing of me, that is not a thinking power; that is not soul, mind, or spirit, were once growing like grafs on the ground, or was made of the roots which supported some green herbage. And now, my friends and fellow-vegetables, what think ye all of these paradoxes? Which of them can you cavil at? What leaves you room for doubt, or question? Is not philosophy, then, an entertaining study, that thus teaches us our original, and these astonishing operations of divine wisdom and providence; but at the same time teaches us to have humble thoughts of ourselves, and to remember whence we came, from dust, to which we must all shortly return?

Thus we may in a philosophical and literal sense, say, as the prophet in an allegorical and spiritual sense long ago cried, *All flesh is grafs. How wonderful are the works of the Lord, sought out by those who delight therein.*

O F T H E

EVILS of IMPERFECTION.

NO system can possibly be formed, even in imagination, without a subordination of parts. Every animal body must have different members, subservient to each other; every picture must be composed of various colours, and of light and shade; all harmony must be formed of trebles, tenors, and basses; every beautiful and useful edifice must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent apartments. This is in the very essence of all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any means whatever, unless by not creating them at all: For which reason, in the formation of the universe, God was obliged, in order to carry on that just subordination so necessary to the very existence of the whole, to create beings of different ranks; and to bestow on various species of animals, and also on the individuals of the same species, various degrees of understanding, strength, beauty, and perfection; to the comparative want of which advantages we give the names of folly, weakness, deformity, and imperfection, and very unjustly repute them evils: Whereas in truth they are blessings as far as they extend, though of an inferior degree. They are

no

no more actual evils, than a small estate is a real misfortune, because many may be possessed of greater.

Whatever we enjoy, is purely a free gift from our creator, but that we enjoy no more, can never be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourselves, that is, to our not having any inherent right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the wants of a beggar to the person who has relieved him. That he had something, was owing to his benefactor; but that he had no more, only to his own original poverty.

They who look upon the privation of all the good they see others enjoy, or think possible for infinite power to bestow, as positive evil, understand not that the universe is a system whose very essence consists in subordination; a scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing: in which, though we may justly expect to find perfection in the whole, could we possibly comprehend it, yet would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole depend altogether on the just inferiority of its parts;
that

that is on the comparative imperfections of the several beings of which it is composed.

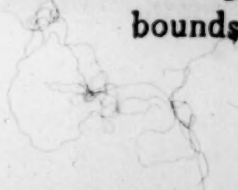
It would have been no more an instance of God's wisdom to have created no beings but of the highest and most perfect order, than it would be of a painter's art, to cover his whole piece with one single colour the most beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to such, nothing could have existed but demi-gods, or archangels, and then all inferior orders must have been void and uninhabited: but as it is surely more agreeable to infinite benevolence, that all these should be filled up with beings capable of enjoying happiness themselves, and contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be filled with inferior beings, that is, with such as are less perfect but from whose existence, notwithstanding that less perfection, more felicity upon the whole accrues to the universe, than if no such beings had been created. It is moreover highly probable, that there is no such a connection between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, that they mutually support each other's existence, and every one in its place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining the whole vast and magnificent fabric.

You see, therefore, that it is utterly impracticable, even for infinite power, to exclude from
creation

creation this necessary inferiority of some beings in comparison with others. All that it can do is to make each other as happy as their respective situations will permit: and this it has done in so extraordinary a manner, as to leave the benevolence of our great Creator not to be doubted of; for though he cannot make all superior, or even equal, yet in the dispensations of his blessings, his wisdom and goodness, both are well worthy the highest admiration; for, amongst all the wide distinctions which he was obliged to make in the dignity and perfections of his creatures, he has made much less in their happiness than is usually imagined, or indeed can be believed from outward appearances.

He has given many advantages to brutes, which man cannot attain to with all his superiority, and many probably to man which are denied to angels; amongst which his ignorance is perhaps none of the least. With regard to him, though it was necessary to the great purposes of human life to bestow riches, understanding, and health, on individuals in very partial proportions; yet has the Almighty so contrived the nature of things, that happiness is distributed with a more equal hand. His goodness, we may observe, is always striking with these our necessary imperfections, setting

bounds



common sense, together with a wonderful delight, as well as success, in the busy pursuits of a scrambling world. The sufferings of the sick are greatly relieved by many trifling gratifications imperceptible to others, and sometimes almost repaid by the inconceivable transports occasioned by the return of health and vigour.

Thus, for example, poverty, or the want of riches, is generally more compensated by having more hopes, and fewer fears, by a greater share, of health, and a most exquisite relish of the smallest enjoyments, than those who possess them are usually blessed with. The want of taste and genius, with all the pleasure that arise from them, are commonly recompensed by a more useful kind of bounds to the inconveniences it cannot totally prevent, by balancing the wants, and repaying the sufferings of all by some kind of equivalent naturally resulting from their particular situations and circumstances.

Folly cannot be very grievous, because imperceptible; and I doubt not but there is some truth in that rant of a mad poet, that there is a pleasure in being mad, which none but mad-men know. Ignorance or the want of knowledge of literature, the appointed lot of all born to poverty, and the drudgeries of life, is the only opiate capable of
infusing

infusing that insensibility which can enable them to endure the miseries of the one, and the fatigues of the other. And I have ever thought it a most remarkable instance of the divine wisdom, that whereas in all animals, whose individuals rise little above the rest of their species, knowledge is instinctive; in man, whose individuals are so widely different, it is acquired by education; by which means the prince and the labourer, the philosopher and the peasant, are in some measure fitted for their respective situations. The same parental care extends to every part of the animal creation. Brutes are exempted from numberless anxieties, by that happy want of reflection on past, and apprehension of future sufferings, which are annexed to their inferiority. Those amongst them who devour others, are taught by nature to dispatch them as easily as possible; and man, the most merciless devourer of all, is induced, by his own advantage, to feast those designed for his sustenance, the more luxuriously to feast upon them himself. Thus misery, by all possible methods, is diminished or repaid; and happiness like fluids, is ever tending towards an equilibrium.

But, was it ever so unequally divided, our pretence for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ig-

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norant

norant ambition may desire: A pretence which must eternally subsist; because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us; and, since no link in the chain can be broke, the same reason for disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that chasm, which must be occasioned by our preferment. A man can have no reason to repine, that he is not an angel, nor a horse that he is not a man; much less, that in their several stations they possess not the faculties of another; for this would be an insufferable misfortune. And doubtless it would be as inconvenient for a man to be endued with the knowledge of an angel, as for a horse to have the reason of a man; but, as they are now formed by the consummate wisdom of their creator, each enjoys pleasures peculiar to his situation: And tho' the happiness of one may perhaps consist in divine contemplation, of another in the acquisition of wealth and power, and that of a third in wandering amidst limpid streams, and luxuriant pastures; yet the meanest of these enjoyments give no interruption to the most sublime, but altogether undoubtedly increase the aggregate sum of felicity bestowed upon the universe. Greatly indeed must that be lessened, were there no Beings but of the highest orders.

Did there not, for instance, exist on this terrestrial globe any sensitive creatures inferior to man, how great a quantity of happiness must have been lost, which is now enjoyed by millions, who at present inhabit every part of its surface, in fields and gardens, in extended deserts, impenetrable woods, and immense oceans; by monarchies of bees, republics of ants, and innumerable families of insects dwelling on every leaf and flower, who are all possessed of as great a share of pleasure, and a greater of innocence, than their arrogant Sovereign, and at the same time not a little contribute to his convenience and happiness!

Has God, thou fool, worked solely for thy good!
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings,
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his Lord the pleasure and the pride,
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.

Thus the universe resembles a large and well-regulated family, in which all the officers and servants, and even the domestic animals, are subservient to each other in a proper subordination: Each enjoys the privileges and perquisites peculiar to his place, and at the same time contributes by that just subordination to the magnificence and happiness of the whole.

It is evident, therefore, that these evils of imperfection, proceeding from the necessary inferiority of some Beings in comparison of others, can in no sense be called any evils at all: But, if they could, it is as evident from thence, that there are many which even infinite power cannot prevent; it being sufficiently demonstrable, that to produce a system of created Beings, all supreme in happiness and dignity, a government composed of all Kings, an army of all Generals, or a universe of all Gods must be impracticable for omnipotence itself.

EXTRA.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE

OF A

BRAVE OFFICER.

SOME time after the battle of Malplaquet, a widow lady, who resided at Calais, and whose husband, named St. Lo, had lost his life in the service of his country, as she was one evening at supper with several friends, was informed, by her servant, that a gentleman wished to speak to her in an adjoining apartment.

She found there an old officer, whose features she thought she recollected, notwithstanding his paleness and the disorder of his dress.

Do you know me Madam? said he.

How Sir! cried she, surveying him with much attention. Can it be you? Are not you Monsieur P——?

Yes Madam, answered he, the same; your old friend and relation, whom you have not seen for twenty years; and who from the rank of ensign, in one of the first regiments of France, has, after forty years service, arrived at the degree of a Lieutenant

nant-Colonel in the same regiment; and after having been long honoured with the esteem and confidence of his superiors, sees himself reduced to the necessity of requesting an asylum for this night and of entreating you to keep his arrival here an inviolable secret.

Gracious heaven! cried the lady, whose surprise equalled her concern, what can have happened to you?

Madam, replied he, we have no time to lose in a long conversation. You see the condition I am in. The fatigue I have undergone, and the company you have left, who no doubt expect you soon to return, will not permit us now to enter into particulars. A bed is all I at present want. To morrow morning you shall know my misfortunes. Give the proper orders to your domestics, and return to your friends.

The next morning the lady, whose rest had not been a little disturbed by thinking of this unexpected visitor, having rung for her servant, was informed the stranger, who had arrived the evening before had been long up. She therefore sent to request his company; and when he came, conjured him, by their ancient friendship, not to conceal any part of his history. Madam, replied he,
with

with a sigh, to comply with your request I must renounce your esteem. But you have a right to the truth, and I should think myself less deserving your pity, should self respect, which I have no longer any pretensions to indulge, tempt me to hide it from you.

I will confess, therefore, that a wretch, who is the most despicable of men, now implores your compassion, hoping to obtain from your goodness the only favour which the horror he feels at his present situation will permit him to request.

To keep you no longer in suspense, know then that I, utterly unworthy of being born within these walls, heretofore so gloriously defended by our ancestors, having been appointed to defend, though it was only for a single hour, an advanced post upon which the entire success of the ensuing battle might depend—Shudder at what I am going to tell you! I, that veteran officer, who, three days before, had never known fear, and whose bravery is attested by the scars still remaining of the many wounds I have received, at sight of the enemy, forgetful at once of what I was, and what I must become, fled like a coward, an infamous coward; and so great was my panic, that after a flight of three hours, I scarcely recovered from my terror.

To

To crown my ignominy, I was unable, even when I felt all the excess of shame, to listen to the voice of honour, which admonished me to return to the camp, and expiate my crime, by surrendering myself to the rigour of the military law. I have not blushed to present myself, degraded and despicable as I am, before you, in whose eyes I already read all the surprize and contempt which a wretch like me must naturally inspire.

At this terrifying recital, the lady could only express the different sensations with which she was agitated by her silence and her tears.

I never doubted, Madam, continued the Officer, but you must survey me with a detestation equal to your concern; I therefore, only purposed to request you would procure me a speedy passage to England, where, changing my name, I had determined to conceal my shame. But I have now abandoned this resolution, and have written a letter, which is already on its way to my General. In it I have informed him of every thing I have related to you, and have concluded by entreating him to fix a day on which I may return to the army, and surrender myself to take my trial by a court-martial; too happy if my death, by expiating a crime which has rendered life insupportable,
may

may procure me, if not the esteem, at least the pity of my brave comrades; among whom my name must be heard with horror, and to whom my example——

How Sir! said the lady, interrupting him, have you already sent this letter?

Yes, Madam; your servant carried it to the office two hours ago, and saw the courier ready to depart.

And should the General consent to your proposal, can you,—are you certain of yourself—can you resolve?—

Yes, Madam, and this resolution has already restored ease to my distracted mind. Every attempt to induce me to change it will be fruitless. I was once brave; I turned a coward; but I will not die a coward!

Oh, Sir! how much have you excited my admiration! yet am I inclined to hope the General, moved by your present magnanimity, will—

Hope nothing, dear Madam. Could he pardon me, I should not forgive myself; and my situation would only become a thousand times more dreadful.

Eight days after, during which time he remained concealed at his friend's house, he received the following letter from Marechal de Villars ;

"It is no doubt, a most humiliating proof of the imbecility of our nature to learn that a man, whose courage has so often been tried, and unquestioned, for more than forty years, should, on a sudden, prove so wanting to himself and the most sacred of duties; but no less extraordinary is the magnanimity with which, the moment his delirium ceases, he voluntarily offers his life in expiation of his fault, and of the evil example which the misconduct he bitterly laments has given to others.

Such, unhappy P**, is my opinion; and such that of the brave officers of my army; and since, by the laws of war, you are well convinced it would be impossible for them either to acquit you, or palliate an offence of such a nature, they, as well as myself lament your sufferings too sincerely to accept the generous, or rather, heroic offer, which your extreme regret has induced you to make.

My wishes, therefore, and those of your former friends, most unfortunate man! are, that Heaven and length of time may console and give you strength to support a calamity, the remembrance of which is no less painful to us than to yourself."

This

This answer, which might in some sort prove consolatory to any other man, only served to heighten the distressful feelings of the unhappy P**, who, after having sent to his Commander his Cross of St. Louis, condemned himself to survive what he called his *Opprobrium*, and to continue at Calais, in which town there is always a numerous garrison; there to appear, the remainder of his life, in the uniform of his regiment; a striking example of the infirmities to which human nature is ever liable, and thus devoting himself to the contempt of every officer, every soldier, and every inhabitant.

CONSOLATIONS,

ADDRESSED TO A

Lady on the Death of her Daughter.

IT is the business of friendship and philosophy, rather to prevent sorrow from growing into a habit, than to defend the heart from its first influences.—The one is a natural, the other a moral evil, and it is in the latter only that the precepts of the moralist can be of use.

That you may be willing to give up the company of sorrow, consider the nature and qualities

of your companion. Her constant business is to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable graces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. Sorrow is an enemy to virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind that cherishes and supports it; it is an enemy to piety, for with what language shall we address that Being whose providence our complaints either accuse or deny? It is an enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits; and of happiness it is the reverse.—Such, Madam, is the genuine disposition, and such are the qualities of sorrow; and will you admit such an enemy to your bosom?—Her sacrifices are the aching heart, and the sleepless eye; the deep searching groan, and silent tear.—Will you become a votary to such a friend? A friend that would rob your Creator of his honour, the world of your virtue, and yourself of your happiness?—Yet farther, sorrow will rob your friends of your affection.—The heart that has been long a prey to misery gradually loses its sensibility—gloomy and unsocial habits succeed, and the love of human kind is at last absorbed in the stagnation of melancholy.

But

But shall we, Madam, enquire into the cause of this sorrow, which, possibly, you may say with Shakespeare—" is too great to be patched with proverbs."— Is it on account of her whom you lament, or on your own? " No," you answer, " 'tis on account of my dear child."— Shall I not bewail the cruelty of her destiny, cut off from the fairest hopes in the very bloom and vigour of life? Alas! is this the end of a virtuous and elegant education? My poor Harriet! What does it now avail that you neglect the trifling amusements and vain pursuits of your sex, to acquire a taste for the finer enjoyments of the mind? Surely long happiness was due to you, who had taken such pains to deserve it.— Dear creature! had she lived to adorn the married state, her amiable sincerity, her natural politeness, and, above all, the virtuous sensibility of her heart, would have completed her own happiness, by insuring that of her husband.!"

All this, Madam, you might say, and the mother's affection exaggerates no circumstance. But this must have been said upon a supposition that life, while it continues, cannot but be happy; or, at least, that virtue and excellence must infallibly produce happiness.

These, however, are conclusions which none of the best observers of human life have admitted.

Happiness

Happiness may be destroyed by many circumstances which it is not in the power of virtue to prevent. It is far from being impossible, Madam, that the lady whose death you so passionately lament, may by that death be exempted from many evils. How many has the pale tyrant unmercifully spared? What a lasting affliction must it have been to you, had the noble mind of your Harriet been doomed to suffer imprisonment in a feeble and unhealthy body? Had the fair rose been early blasted, and the root cruelly suffered to live, and pine away gradually through a course of delightful years?

Moreover, as beauty is no charm against the natural evils of life, so neither is virtue always a defence against its moral evils. Your amiable Harriet, with all her accomplishments, might have been unfortunately united to splendid insensibility, or wealthy avarice?—Her virtues might have become the object of profligate ridicule, or misinterpreting ill nature; and her person might have administered chagrin to negligence, or fuel to jealousy. In such circumstances, I suppose, the sensibility of her heart would have been far from defending it from misery; and the consciousness of her own integrity would have afforded her little relief, when the only person whose esteem it should principally have

have procured her, looked upon her with coldness or aversion. You know, Madam, these are no uncommon evils; and tho' Harriet was every way worthy of better fate, she might, nevertheless, have had her lot amongst the multitudes that suffer and complain. Neither would the cruelty or the negligence of a husband have been the only evils that would have endangered her peace: it would have been equally exposed to ruin by the follies and vices of a child;—or, what is the case of few parents, had she met with no ingratitude, and beheld no wretchedness in her offspring, her gentle heart might have been wounded, like the heart which these arguments are directed to set at ease, by the early death of a beloved child. Consider, Madam, too, that by her earlier death she has escaped those sorrows she would have suffered for you. You only have to mourn the loss of her; but she might have mourned for you, for herself, and for her offspring.

Indeed, the loss of this intellectual being might be accounted a misfortune, almost at any rate, were *this sensible, warm motion, to become a kneaded clod*; but we, who are taught such noble conceptions of the Author of Nature, can never suppose that he will suffer even a temporary cessation of consciousness.—I cannot enter into those gloomy apprehensions,

apprehensions, that when the immortal spirit has forsaken the body, its faculties shall for a time be chained down in a state of unconscious stupidity. Such an appointment would, in my opinion, both be inconsistent with the nature and properties of the soul, and contrary to the attributes of its benevolent creator.—To what various modes of being, inconceivable to us, may not Omnipotence assign our departed spirits?—What degrees of happiness may not he have in store, adapted to intellectual existence? Concluding then that your virtuous Harriet is now in a state of superior bliss, how superfluous would it be to mourn on her account.

Would you, were it in your power, recall her happy spirit to these regions of chance and vanity? Would you wish the liberal mind to leave its intellectual feast, and re-animate a clod of earth? Would you then confine its dilated powers in the prison of a mortal body, and subject it to all the pains of its miserable partner?—"No surely, no;"—I hear you say—"I will mourn no longer for my child." Yet, possibly, you may mourn for yourself; there is always something selfish in those sorrows that seem to be the most social. It is hard you will say, that you should lose the comfort of such a child in the decline of life.—Her filial tenderness,

derness would have cherished the langour of age, and would have strewed its barren way with the flowers of youth. Moreover, what joy must it have been to you to have seen your maternal cares successful in her growing virtues, and those virtues crowned with the happiness they deserved.

This, madam, you have lived to see. Believe it, your Harriet is now in possession of a greater happiness than this world has to give. By her death you are, no doubt, deprived of many comforts, but may not this be more than made up by the pleasure of reflecting on that sublime felicity she now enjoys. Indulge that reflection, and how poor, how contemptible will every thing else appear upon comparison.—

Were not those arguments sufficient to set your heart at ease, I might refer you to the universal law of nature, from whence there is no appeal. Have not *death* and *ruin* established their empire over all her works?

Does not every place through which you pass present you with the ruins of existence?—Is not the history of every nation replete with their triumphs?—Cease the mother's sighs a moment, and attend the general condition of nature. Let us
remember

remember that we were born within the precincts of death, and sacrifice to him without many tears.

I am persuaded, madam, that *none of these things are hid from you*; but it is possible that in the depth of your affliction you might not attend to them. Should I add more, I might seem to distrust your prudence; but had I said less, I should not have proportioned my arguments to the greatness of your grief. Happy should I be if they could have the least weight with you. If you would now convince the world that, as you are possessed of every other virtue, you are not wanting in fortitude.

ADDRESS to a YOUNG SCHOLAR,

SUPPOSED TO BE

In the Course of a liberal Education at School.

YOUR parents have watched over your helpless infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your mind is capable of manly improvement. Their solicitude still continues, and no trouble nor expence is spared in giving you all the instructions and accomplishments

ments which may enable you to act your part in life, as a man of polished sense and confirmed virtue. You have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can pay it by no other method but by using the advantages which their goodness has afforded you.

If your own endeavors are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary pursuits. You must love learning, if you intend to possess it. In order to love it, you must feel its delights; in order to feel its delights, you must apply it, however irksome at first, closely, constantly, and for a considerable time. If you have resolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning; for the mind always loves that to which it has been long, steadily, and voluntarily attached. Habits are formed, which render what was at first disagreeable, not only pleasant but necessary.

Pleasant, indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours, then, is surely a lot particularly happy. Your education is of such a sort that its principal scope is to prepare you to receive a refined pleasure during your life. Elegance, or delicacy of taste, is one of the first objects of a classical discipline; and it is this

fine quality which opens a new world to the scholar's view. Elegance of taste has a connection with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the most amiable kind. It tends to render you, at once, good and agreeable. You must therefore be an enemy to your own enjoyments, if you enter on the discipline which leads to the attainment of a classical and liberal education with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thousands of your fellow-creatures.

Without exemplary diligence you will make but a contemptible proficiency. You may, indeed, pass through the forms of schools and universities, but you will bring nothing away from them of real value. The proper sort and degree of diligence you cannot possess, but by the efforts of your own resolution. Your instructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a school a certain number of hours. He may place books before you, and compel you to fix your eyes upon them; but no authority can chain down your mind. Your thoughts will escape from every external restraint, and amidst the most serious lectures, may be ranging in the wild pursuit of trifles or vice. Rules, restraints, commands, and punishments, may, indeed, assist in strengthening your resolution; but, without your own voluntary choice,

choice, your diligence will not often conduce to your pleasure or advantage. Though this truth is obvious, yet it seems to be a secret to those parents who expect to find their son's improvement increase in proportion to the number of tutors and external assistances, which their opulence has enabled them to provide. These assistances, indeed, are sometimes afforded, chiefly that the young heir to a title or estate may indulge himself in idleness and nominal pleasures. The lesson is construed to him, and the exercise written for him by the private tutor, while the hapless youth is engaged in some ruinous pleasure, which, at the same time, prevents him from learning any thing desirable, and leads to the formation of destructive habits, which can seldom be removed.

But the principal obstacle to improvement at your school, especially if you are too plentifully supplied with money, is a perverse ambition of being distinguished as a boy of spirit in mischievous pranks; in neglecting the tasks and lessons, and for every vice and irregularity which the puerile age can admit. You will have sense enough, I hope, to discover, beneath the mask of gaiety and good-nature, that malignant spirit of detraction, which endeavours to render the boy who applies to books, and to all the duties and proper business

business of the school, ridiculous. You will see, by the light of your reason, that the ridicule is misapplied. You will discover, that the boys who have recourse to ridicule, are, for the most part, stupid, unfeeling, ignorant, and vicious. Their noisy folly, their bold confidence, their contempt of learning, and their defiance of authority, are for the most part, the genuine effects of hardened insensibility. Let not their insults and ill-treatment dispirit you. If you yield to them with a tame and abject submission, they will not fail to triumph over you with additional insolence. Display a fortitude in your pursuits, equal in degree to the obstinacy in which they persist in theirs. Your fortitude will soon overcome theirs; which is, indeed, seldom any thing more than the audacity of a bully. Indeed, you cannot go through a school with ease to yourself, and with success, without a considerable share of courage. I do not mean that sort of courage which leads to battles and contentions, but which enables you to have a will of your own, and to pursue what is right, amidst all the persecutions of surrounding enviers, dunces, and detractors. Ridicule is the weapon made use of at school, as well as in the world, when the fortresses of virtue are to be assailed. You will effectually repel the attack by a dauntless spirit and unyielding perseverance. Tho'

numbers

numbers are against you, yet, with truth and rectitude on your side, you may be *ipse agmen*, though alone, yet equal to an army.

By laying in a store of useful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and establishing your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of being a comfort to those friends who have supported you, of being happy within yourself, and of being well received by mankind. Honour and success in life will probably attend you. Under all circumstances you will have an internal source of consolation and entertainment, of which no sublunary vicissitude can deprive you. Time shews how much wiser is your choice than that of your idle companions, who would gladly have drawn you into their association, or rather into their conspiracy, as it has been called, against good manners, and against all that is honourable and useful. While you appear in society as a respectable and valuable member of it, they have sacrificed, at the shrine of vanity, pride, extravagance, and false pleasure, their health and their sense, their fortunes and their characters.

ON

O N E N V Y.

FROM frozen poles, the world's remote ex-
 tremes,
 To Afric's plains beneath the torrid beams,
 Pale envy reigns, and thro' each varying zone,
 Disturbs the cottage, or assails the throne.
 A dreadful inmate of the selfish mind,
 Ally'd to malice, and with spleen combin'd.
 This foe to merit, with malignant joy,
 Would each deserving character destroy,
 If worth, if honour, in the bosom glow,
 Envy becomes a most invet'rate foe ;
 If soft benevolence distress befriends,
 Though truth applaud, still envy discommends.
 Through a gross medium all things she decries,
 Perverts the motive, or the act belies.

A N E C D O T E

IN the year 1478, George Neville, Duke of
 Bedford, was, by a petition from the House
 of Lords, publicly degraded by an act of Parlia-
 ment, and his titles taken from him. The charge
 against him was, that having by gambling and
 other infamous practices, lost his fortune, he had
 not sufficient income wherewith to support his
 dignity,

dignity, by which the credit of the Peer was disgraced. The representation was first made to King Edward IV. who directed the means to be pursued for his ejection out of the upper House of Parliament. The disgraced Duke went into France where he died in the most miserable manner in a few months.

The above instance, given from Blackstone's Commentaries, may be strengthened by an observation from the same author; who says, That in a much later time, an instance occurred of a nobleman, decked with one of the first titles of this kingdom, being seen running before the carriage of a Peer of France. Indeed it was formerly supposed that the King might degrade any peer, who should so far waste his estate, as not to be able to support his dignity; but it is now settled that a peer cannot be degraded but by an act of parliament.

The LEGEND of POVERTY.

A MERCHANT of tolerable good sense, not altogether unimproved by education, found, in spite of all the care he could take, his affairs in such a situation, as rendered it necessary for him

to quit a kind of life which he was so little qualified to lead, and strike out some better way of employing the small residue of his effects. Such considerations have commonly a strong effect on the imagination, so as to fill it with gloomy ideas, and even to prejudice the intellectual faculties themselves. Such was the case of this distressed trader, who, having unsuccessfully wearied himself in seeking to escape from a labyrinth of thought, at last sunk, without perceiving it, into a profound sleep; Nature affording that remedy which he wanted both the will and the power to apply.

His eyes were scarce closed, when, to his still waking mind, the image of a robust woman above the common size presented itself; she was dressed in a home-spun stuff; and tho' her head attire was far from being fine, yet it was extremely white, and very agreeably disposed; the rest of her garb was suitable, and her air had something in it frank and noble, tho' nothing that seemed to flow from the boarding school; a modest cheerfulness shone in her countenance, and altogether she looked like some person of distinction clothed after a rustic manner. The Merchant, whose thoughts even in his sleep ran out the situation he was in, saw this phantom with surprize, and hastily demanded

manded who she was, and how she came to trespass upon his privacy.

At this the Dame seemed to smile, and after a low reverence proceeded thus: My name is Poverty; do not be startled; your being afraid is the only thing that can make me hurt you: Calm your thoughts; recollect your spirits; and when you are cool enough to hear me I will go on. Having said this, she paused awhile, and then resumed her discourse. My parents, said she, were Chance and Indiscretion; they made a match almost without thinking of it; and tho' my mother went her full time, I came into the world when I was little expected. She had been married more than once before, and I have a great many sisters by different fathers, and most of them have made their husbands very unhappy: This doubtless you have heard, and therefore, nor without reason, seem confounded at the sight of me; but have patience, you are the person I have chosen for my spouse, there is no being rid of me, and yet, if you will take my advice, we may live together happily enough.

The poor man sighed, but could not speak; he contented himself with bowing, and beckoning to her to proceed. Most of my sisters, continued

ſhe, have never been able to get the love of their husbands; they converſed with them as it were by force, and the conſequence of ſuch untoward embraces hath, in moſt of them been the bringing into the world, a Boy black as a Negro, called Shame, alike hated by father and mother; and ſticking ſo cloſe to them, as never to be diſowned.

A few of my elder ſiſters have been more happy; ſome of them have matched with country clergymen, ſettled for the moſt part either in Wales, or in the North, and the men being diſcreet, they have lived in peace and comfort: Moſt of their iſſue have been females, ſuch as temperance, frugality, and piety. With theſe maids, when they grow up to maturity, the parents paſſed their time very agreeably; returning the world's favours in kind, and pitying with good reaſon, ſuch as pitied them.

Others have married ſoldiers and had no reaſon to repent their choice. You muſt have heard of fortitude, the ſon of one of my ſiſters by a martial ſpouſe. It has been often remarked, that the greateſt heroes have been beſt ſatiſfied with ladies of our family, and if I am rightly informed, you may read in ſome Greek and Latin authors, of ſeveral men of great diſtinction, who would not be divorced

divorced from us when they might; and if I mistake not, Epaminondas and Cincinnatus were of that number.

By this time I hope you are convinced that being joined to me will not necessarily render you miserable; but I shall go farther still, and shew you, that though I have no fortune to boast of, yet the possession of me is attended with some blessings; for instance, from the moment we are united, you will see no flatterers, a look of mine obliges a false friend to unmask himself, and doubles the tenderness of him who is really so. Idle visitors and gossips also very rarely come where I am; so that if I bring you no good company, I shall at least keep you from the plague of bad, which the corruption of the present age considered, is of no small consequence.

I am a great enemy to luxury, and very fond of exercise; for which reason health, whose company is so desirable, shews herself at all times more ready to visit me, than ladies who make a much better figure. I can also boast that quiet is my constant companion, and that there are very few vices able to live under the same roof. The most troublesome, and perhaps you will think it strange, is pride; she is an insinuating hussy, and never wants some art or other of recommending herself
in

in cottages as well as courts; when she pesters me too much, I have no remedy but listening a little to rumour; for no sooner do I hear what other people say of me, than presently I resume my wits.

You have a little freehold in Warwickshire, let us go down together; make it your study to remember your condition, and that experience has convinced you, your parts are not of a kind to make it better; tho' it may easily be made worse. Your income, tho' small will keep necessity at the door, if you yourself are not imprudent enough to let her in. Labour will supply many wants, and at the same time divert care: He can never think himself a slave who has no master, or believe any office beneath him, which nature requires. You must shun company, because you cannot entertain them; the ill-judging world will call this spleen, but your own right-judging heart will acquit you. Accustom yourself to go often to that tribunal, and never dispute its decrees. Time, which lessens all evils, will make the pains of which you are apprehensive become pleasures. In the course of a few years I shall render you so many services, that you will begin to love me. I am so convinced of this that I will venture to felicitate you on your nuptials; for know my dear spouse, that Providence matches for the best; and that men commonly

owe

owe their miseries to a vain preferring their own choice.

At these words the decayed trader started from his seat, and stretching out his hand with great alacrity, the sudden motion waked him: He recollected, he considered his dream, and having bowed himself in humble thankfulness before his maker, he readily embraced that state of life which alone was left him; fully persuaded, that virtuous poverty might afford as much happiness as the most elevated condition, and that content with a little might prove as agreeable to him, as riches with others.

ON THE

FELICITY of INNOCENCE.

OH! far beyond expression, happy he,
Whose virgin mind from anxious guilt is
free;

With inoffensive gaiety he's blest;
And never fading joy shines in his breast.
His harmless thoughts no gloomy scenes display,
But wing'd with bliss, each sun rolls swift away,
Then down in peace and innocence he lies,
And golden slumbers seal his willing eyes;

When

When in bright fields of visionary flow'rs,
 Or else reclin'd in amaranthine bowr's,
 He seems angelic harmony to hear,
 And sounds immortal strike his ravish'd ear.
 Lo! heaven's rich portals open to his sight,
 And wide disclose the glorious realms of light;
 With glittering legions, and cherubic trains,
 He cover'd views the bright ætherial plains;
 Here temples, there celestial mansions rise,
 And groves and gardens meet his wond'ring eyes;
 While living streams refresh th' immortal round,
 Visit each plant and murmur all around.
 No sun here ever gilds the happy sky,
 But light's the effulgence of the Deity,
 Thus every day with smiling peace is crown'd,
 And in extatic joys the night is drown'd.

Acts of Kindness, over-rated by the Donor,
takes off the Good intended,
 And renders the Receiver unhappy.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FOLLOWING RELATION.

NO depravity of the mind has been more frequently or more justly censured than Ingratitude. There is indeed sufficient reason for looking

ing on him that can return evil for good, and can repay kindness and assistance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedness: nor will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings: he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself.

There is always danger, lest the honest abhorrence of a crime should raise the passions with too much violence against the man to whom it is imputed. In proportion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to be ascertained by stronger evidence. The charge against ingratitude is very general: almost every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon insensibility, and how much happiness he has bestowed without return; but perhaps if these patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boast of having befriended, it would often appear that they had over-rated their benevolence, that they consulted only their pleasure and vanity, and repaid themselves their petty donatives by gratifications of insolence, and indulgence of contempt.

It has happened to me, that much of my time has been passed in a dependent state, and conse-

U

quently

quently I have received many favours in the opinion of those at whose expence I have been maintained; yet I do not feel in my heart any burning gratitude, or tumultuous affection: And as I would not willingly suppose myself less susceptible of virtuous passions than the rest of mankind, I shall lay the history of my life before you, that you may, by your judgment of my conduct, either reform my present sentiments, or confirm them.

My father was the second son of a very antient and wealthy family. He married a lady of equal birth; whose fortune, joined to his own, might have supported him and his posterity in honour and plenty; but being gay and ambitious, he prevailed on his friends to procure him a post, which gave him an opportunity of displaying in public his elegance and politeness. My mother was equally pleased with splendor, and equally careless of expence; and both justified their profusion to themselves, by endeavouring to believe it necessary to the extension of their acquaintance, and improvement of their interest; and whenever any place became vacant, they expected to be repaid by distinction and advancement. In the midst of these schemes and hopes, my father was snatched away by an apoplexy; and my mother, who had no pleasure but in dress, equipage, assemblies

semblies and compliments, finding that she could live no longer in her accustomed rank, sunk into dejection, and in two years wore out her life with envy and discontent.

I was sent with a sister, one year younger than myself, to the elder brother of my father. As we were not yet capable of observing how much fortune influences affection, we flattered ourselves on the road with the tenderness and regard with which we should doubtless be treated by our uncle. Our reception was rather frigid than malignant: we were introduced to our young cousins, and for the first month were more frequently consoled than upbraided; but in a short time we found our prattle repressed, our dress neglected, all our endearments unregarded, and all our requests referred to the house-keeper.

The forms of decency were now violated; and every day produced some new insult. We were soon brought to the necessity of receding from our imagined equality with our cousins, to whom we sunk into humble companions, without choice and without influence, expected only to echo their opinions, facilitate their desires, and accompany their rambles. We were told that fine clothes would only fill our heads with false conceptions, and our dress was therefore accommodated to our fortune.

Childhood is not easily dejected or mortified. We felt no lasting pain from insolence or neglect; but finding that we were favoured and commended by all whom their interest did not prompt to discountenance us, we preserved our vivacity and spirit to years of greater sensibility.

It then became more irksome and disgusting to live without any other principle of action than the will of another, and we often met privately in the garden to lament our condition, and to ease our hearts with mutual narratives of caprice, peevishness and affront.

There are innumerable modes of insult, and tokens of contempt, for which it is not easy to find a name, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to describe them, and which may yet, by continual repetition, make day pass after day in sorrow and in terror. Phrases of cursory compliment, and established salutation, may, by a different modulation of the voice, or cast of the countenance, convey contrary meanings, and be changed from indications of respect to expressions of scorn.

The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himself, very little consults his own tranquillity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment discovering some petulance of accent, or some arrogance of mien;

mien; some vehemence of interrogation, or some quickness of reply that recalls my poverty to my mind, and which I feel more acutely, as I cannot resent them.

You are not, however, to imagine that I think myself discharged from the duties of gratitude, only because my relations do not adjust my looks, or tune their voices to my expectation. The insolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeness or obliquities of insult. I am often told, in express terms, of the miseries from which charity has snatched me, while multitudes are suffered, by relations equally near, to devolve upon the parish; and have more than once heard it numbered among their favours, that I am admitted to the same table with my cousins.

That I sit at the first table I must acknowledge, but I sit there only that I may feel the stings of inferiority: my inquiries are neglected, my opinions overborne; my assertions are controverted, and, as insolence always propagates itself, the servants over-look me, in imitation of their master: If I call modestly, I am not heard; If loudly, my usurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and am sometimes desired to rise upon very slight pretences.

The

The incivilities to which I am exposed would give me very little pain, were they not aggravated by the tears of my sister, whom the young ladies are hourly insulting with every art of feminine persecution. As it is said of the supreme Magistrate of Venice, that he is a Prince in one place, and a slave in another, my sister is a servant to her cousins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table: her wit and beauty drew so much regard away from them, that they never suffer her to appear with them in any place where they solicit notice, or expect admiration; and when they are visited by neighbouring ladies, and pass their hours in domestic amusements, she is sometimes called to fill a vacancy, insulted with contemptuous freedoms, and dismissed to her needle, when her place is supplied. The heir has of late, by the instigation of his sisters, begun to harass her with clownish jocularities; he seems inclined to make his first rude essays of waggery upon her; and by the connivance, if not encouragement of his father, treats her with such licentious brutality as I cannot bear, though I cannot punish it.

I beg to be informed how much we can be supposed to owe beneficence, exerted on terms like these; to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly said to pander to
pride?

pride? I would willingly be told, whether influence does not regard its own liberalities; and whether he that exacts servility, can with justice at the same time expect affection?

A N E C D O T E

OF

Mr. P O P E.

IN familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that Pope excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that, so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection raised against his inscription for Shakespeare was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied—*Horresco referens*—“that he would allow the Publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together”

VIRTUE

VIRTUE and PLEASURE.

A N O D E.

INFORM me Virtue is it true?
Does Pleasure really dwell with you?
The sons of sense say, No :
They say, that all who mind your rules,
Are gloomy superstitious fools,
And every joy forego.

They say, and openly maintain,
That your rewards are care and pain ;
And while on heaven you preach,
At best 'tis but a phantom fair,
The soul is mortal, melts in air,
And heaven shall never reach.

Or tell me Pleasure! what you feel;
Speak honestly, nor ought conceal ;
The matter is of weight.
Pleasure, sweet power, to nature dear!
I never wish'd to be austere;
I seek the happiest state.

Pleasure replies, with modest smile,
'Let not a name thy heart beguile.
'My name the sons of sense
'Have oft assum'd : but, trust me, they
From happiness are far astray :
'Tis all a mere pretence.

' To

‘ To me they boast alliance near ;
‘ As men of pleasure, men of cheer,
‘ If you will them believe.
Meanwhile they are of Circe’s crew,
‘ Wretched, defil’d; with painted hue,
‘ Weak mortal to deceive.

‘ Circe, my rival, harlot base!
‘ Her poison’d cup the human race
‘ To frenzy can inflame:
Her blinded followers she betrays:
Her specious arts, her flowery ways,
‘ Lead on to guilt and shame.

‘ Mine is a purer nobler rise,
‘ Virtue, my parent, from the skies
‘ Came down to bless the earth
‘ With me, the child she bore to love;
‘ A beauteous happy pair above,
And here of highest worth!

‘ Virtue, I grant, is often tried
‘ By sickness, sorrow, envy, pride;
‘ Nor is assham’d to mourn.
‘ But trial strengthens: conscience cheers;
‘ Of death and woe prevents the fears:
‘ Assaults to vict’ry turn.

- Of active life the hard turmoils,
- The patriot's cares, the hero's toils,
In brighter triumphs end.
- Of friendship sympathy, the pains
- A generous soul accounts her gains
• While all the good commend.
- But who can paint the heart-felt glow
- Of holy love, of thought the flow
• Reciprocal, sincere ;
- Faith's firm repose, hope's vision bright,
- Of God's approving face the light
• Of prayer the rapt'rous tear ?
- Nor deem such bliss an empty form :
- 'Tis solid, will defy the storm,
• And keep the breast serene :
- When all the merriment of vice
- A low-born vapour, sudden flies,
• And leaves a void within ;
- An aching void, where nought can come,
- But self-reproach, and secret gloom,
• Earnest of future woe !
- Let braggart sinners loudly boast,
- To joy, to peace, to comfort lost
True heart they do not know.

• They

‘They dare not face rich folly’s frown,
‘To faucy greatness they bow down.
‘Held fast in passion’s chain
‘They talk of liberty: ’tis prate,
‘The slaves of appetite and fate,
‘They start at every pain.

Left death their trembling souls should seize,
Their blood with mortal horrors freeze,
‘And all their prospects end.
‘At that inevitable hour,
‘My parent, Virtue, proves her power,
‘An everlasting friend!

‘In life, in death, I follow her:
‘She, she alone, can joys confer,
‘To fill the human heart;
‘From heav’n together first we came;
‘Constant we breathe one common flame,
‘And never, never part!’

The CHURCH YARD,

WHAT a number of hillocks of death appear
all round us! What are the tomb-stones,
but memorials of the inhabitants of that town, to
inform us of the period of all their lives, and to
X 2 point

point out the day when it was said to each of them, "Your time shall be no longer." O, may I readily learn this important lesson, that my turn is hastening too; such a little hillock shall shortly arise for me in some unknown spot of ground; it shall cover this flesh and these bones of mine in darkness, and shall hide them from the light of the sun, and from the sight of man till the heavens be no more.

Perhaps some kind surviving friend may engrave my name, with the number of my days, upon a plain funeral stone, without ornament, and below envy: there shall my tomb stand among the rest as a fresh monument of the frailty of nature and the end of time. It is possible some friendly foot may now and then visit the place of my repose, and some tender eye may bedew the cold memorial with a tear: one or another of my old acquaintance may possibly attend there to learn the silent lecture of morality from my grave-stone, which my lips are now preaching aloud to the world: and if love and sorrows should reach so far, perhaps while his soul is melting in his eyelids, and his voice scarce finds utterance, he will point with his finger, and shew his companion the month and the day of my decease. O, that solemn, that awful day, which shall finish my appointed
time

time on earth, and put a final period to all the designs of my heart, and all the labours of my tongue and pen!—

Think, O my soul that while friends or strangers are engaged on that spot, and reading the date of my departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a decisive and unchangeable sentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well-improved, or suffering the longer sorrows which shall attend the abuse of it, in an unknown world of happiness or misery.

Anecdote of Chatterton.

AN old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, and who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house.

When the cloth was removed, some very four wine was placed upon the table, which the generous old gentleman praised extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of
Shakespeare.

Shakespeare. The inspired youth had not finished his glass when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton,"—"Yes, Sir," says the bard, "this dead wine of your's compels me to shed tears, but by H—n they are not the tears of veneration!"

On EDUCATION.

EDUCATION, like a polisher of marble, when it works upon a noble mind, and a tractable understanding, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such assistance are never able to make their appearance. By the aid of *right* education it is that human kind removes *itself* from those habits, which, though common with, are degrading to the species;—by it the lapsed state of human nature is recovered, and the rude, untoward *principles* of the iron age are brushed off, and swept away. That the present plan of education, as it is prosecuted by school-masters in general, is at least no absurd one, the following simple observations are intended to affirm:—It is asserted by *some*, that a person may acquire

quire a *good* education without ever being taught either to *read* or *write*. “Living words,” it is said, will do the business—that I deny—Whoever reads, attentively, the human mind, and contemplates on it, will readily coincide with the assertion, that our ideas of modes and substances are assisted, in searching after truths, by other *intermediate* ideas, which, forming a congruity of *parts*, constitute a *whole*,—what is sought after. Every art and science depends upon these secondary aids—every piece of mechanism is thereby constructed.—In penmanship, the pen is the instrument, the person the agent, and the paper the thing acted upon. In like manner are moral truths found out; every mode and substance conveying to the mind a congruity of modes and substances. As a proof of this assertion, let a parent begin with his child, or a school-master with his pupil, at his own wished-for age, and let him disclose to him the nature and use (for instance) of figures, he will readily find the child to comprehend the meaning of *twenty*; that it is produced by a number of figures following each other in arithmetical progression, 1, 2, 3, &c. he may also find in him a tractability in calculations by geometrical progression; nay, he may lead him (for it is possible) through all the rules of arithmetic, both vulgar and decimal, theoretically; but should he demand of him notation, he is nonplused.

Twenty

Twenty he knows to be *twice ten*, or *four times five*, but if decyphered with a pencil or pen, he knows not what it means. To a person who never *saw* 20 thus expressed, 6 is as many: hence the advantage of letting example *precede* precept. Moreover, as man liveth not for *himself*, he is under a necessity of joining in society, and, consequently, of communicating his sentiments by *letters* (whether on commerce or pleasure) therefore, if he has not been taught the *use* of letters and figures, what does his *theory* profit him. The general, and, I think, the most eligible custom of Schoolmasters, in the education of children, is first to lead their pupils to a knowledge of their vernacular alphabet, hence to the formation of words, then to sentences: from this connection of *modes* new ideas spring, and from these others, and hereby a noble superstructure is reared on this stable foundation; for not from speech come letters, but speech from letters flows. The same may be observed with regard to figures, notation being the first step thereto: for a boy should no sooner know what twenty *is* than he should be taught to *mark* it. There are *two* things that have made moral ideas to be thought incapable of demonstration, namely, their complexedness, and want of sensible representations. Ideas of *quantity* have the advantage of others, and are more capable of certainty

tainly and demonstration, on the account that they have greater assistance from *intermediate* ideas—that they can be set down and distinguished by certain characters, which have a nearer correspondence with them than either *words* or *sounds*. A triangle or a circle laid down on *paper*, is a copy of the idea in the mind that form'd it, and therefore not liable to the uncertainty of signification that words carry with them. Describe to a boy who has not been taught construction, any *figure* in mathematics, or problem in geometry, he may remember the description, but cannot comprehend its *nature*.—Let him be told that a triangle is a three-sided figure; that one side is called the hypotenuse, another the base, and the third the perpendicular; let him be told, that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the base and perpendicular; let these truths be told him, he remembers the *description*, as was before hinted, but cannot hence, without manual demonstration, discover either its properties or its shape. His teacher, indeed, may, as they walk abroad, describe it to him with his staff upon the sand; but most men, I presume, will allow that the description would look better on paper.

The human mind, however penetrating, cannot always perceive the immediate agreement or dis-

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agreement

agreement of ideas, because, those ideas concerning which the enquiry is made, cannot by the mind alone be so connected, as to lead to a true conclusion—therefore it has recourse to the invention of *others* to come at the truth. I may venture to assert, that there is not any man, of any age or genius, able to comprehend fully any one branch of even *ordinary* education, without the aid of those *intermediate* ideas which the present mode of teaching requires; which every branch obtains.—Whoever defers beginning a boy to *read*, till he be eight years of age and yet trusts he can qualify him for the senate, bar, or pulpit, by the time he is fifteen, will find himself mistaken.—It was a maxim with a famous Thalian muse, “to suit the action to the word, and the word to the action.”—Similar to this is that of suiting *young* minds with simple subjects, and their intermediate helps.—What are all the properties of writing in *theory*, to a boy who is destined to earn his bread with his pen? or what profit would accrue from a knowledge of arithmetic, if he knew not whereby to put it in *practice*? *Intuitive* knowledge, I confess, ought to take the lead; but the knowledge that is serviceable between man and man must be *demonstrative* also.—That knowledge which is acquired without those *intermediate* ideas, (marks or characters) cannot be communicated to any other person—no one
being

being able to affist the ideas of *another* with what he himself has no idea of—consequently serviceable to him only who possesses it.—Knowledge thus circumscribed may profit a philosopher, but cannot be of use to the man of business.—As there are few men without their *prejudices*, so there are few institutions without their deficiencies—but the *present* established plan of our best schools, has the fewest faults of any.—An old plan, especially of education, may sooner be improved on, than a new one adopted.—He who scorns to tread the old frequented path, in which good men are made *great*, and *great* men *good*, has much, besides prejudice, to surmount—and, therefore, must not think it strange, should he never attain the half-way post to the summit of his wishes.—From the foregoing observations, I firmly assert, that any part of education that is by a child acquired, previous to his being taught either to read or *write*, is only the fruit of lost labour.—Such knowledge, having no foundation but what is ideal (airy assurance) the superstructure, like the foundation, disappears before demonstration, like a bubble emptied on the surface of the brook.

THE DIFFERENCE OF
FOLLY AND WISDOM,
With Regard to the Conduct of Life.

WHAT is the greatest worldly grandeur in the possession of folly, but a puff of vanity and emptiness? her spring of age is wasted under Mammon's wing; the vigour of her manhood is consumed in horses, hounds, and harlots; and her winter, or evening of life, is prostituted to insatiable avarice; and when death arises, no preceding incident can be remembered to fortify the mind with magnanimity enough to bid him welcome.—On the other side, wisdom in youth lays up such a magazine of knowledge, virtue and humanity, as communicates a lustre and beauty to every stage of life; considers she was not born for herself, but for the general weal of mankind. In affluence, the poor are warmed and fed at her fire-side, the naked cloth'd with the fleece of her sheep; the prisoners visited with relief, and the sick supplied with advice and necessaries. Adversity is not irksome: but as it cramps the liberal exercises of that quality; in either case she is a perfect mistress of herself, in the first, a shining pattern of love and good-will for her neighbour, and in the last, a bright example of patience and every

every virtue; while she seems the sport of time, innocent joy adorns her table, and peace unruffled smiles about her house. Folly claims for her supporters a monkey and a rattle, Wisdom a dove and a serpent.

A N E C D O T E

OF A

SCOTCH CLERGYMAN.

A SCOTCH Clergyman, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe, in going through a course of lectures on the Revelations of St. John, imbibed from this abstruse writer an opinion *that the sex had no souls*, and were incapable of future punishment. It was no sooner known in the country, that he maintained this doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren, to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at the bar, they asked him, if he really held so heretical an opinion. He told them plainly he did. On desiring to be informed of his reason for so doing—"In the Revelation of St. John the Divine, (said he) you will find this passage," *And there was silence in Heaven*
for

for about half an hour. “ Now I appeal to all of you, whether that could have happened, had there been any women there ; and Charity forbids us to imagine that they were in a worse place ; thereby it follows, that they have no immortal part, and are exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world.

A N E C D O T E

A GENTLEMAN telling a friend of his, that he wondered he did not lay up money, when to his knowledge, he had eight hundred a-year, and did not appear to spend above two ; your surprise, [said the other, will cease, when you know how my estate goes. I employ two hundred in paying what I owe ; I lend two hundred ; I spend two hundred ; and I loose two hundred. The two hundred I pay, are what I allow my Father and Mother, who are poor ; the two hundred I lend, are laid out in the education of my children, who I hope will return it to me ; the two hundred I spend are in necessaries for my family ; and the two hundred I loose, are consumed by my wife in dress and pleasure.

AN

A N E L E G Y

On the FIRST of SEPTEMBER.

WHEN the still night withdrew her sable
 shroud,

And left these climes with steps sedate and flow;
Whilst sad Aurora kerchief'd in a cloud,

With drizzly vapours hung the mountain brow:

The wretched bird from hapless *Perdix sprung,
With trembling wings forsook the furrow'd
 plain ;

And calling round her all her list'ning young ;
In falt'ring accents sung this plaintive strain.

' Unwelcome morn ! full well thy low'ring mien,
 ' Foretells the slaughters of the approaching day ;
' The gloomy sky laments with tears the scene,
 ' Where pale-eyed terror re-assumes her sway.

' Ah luckless train ! ah fate-devoted race !
 ' The dreadful tale experience tells believe ;
' Dark heavy mists obscure the morning's face
 ' But blood and death shall close the dreary eve.

' This day fell man, whose unrelenting hate
 ' No grief can soften and no tears assuage
' Pours dire destruction on the feather'd state
 ' Whilst pride and rapine urge his savage rage.

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*Perdix was supposed to be turn'd into a partridge.

‘ I who so oft have ’scap’d the impending snare,
‘ Ere night arrives may feel the fiery wound ;
‘ In giddy circles quit the realms of air,
‘ And, stain with streaming gore the dewy
ground.’

She said; when lo! the Pointer winds his prey
The rustling stubble gives the fear’d alarm;
The gunner views the covey fleet away
And rears th’ unerring tube with skilful arm.

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight
The leaden deaths arrest her as she flies
Her scatter’d offspring swim before her sight,
And bath’d in blood, she flutters, pants, and dies.

ANECDOTE of HANDEL.

IT is well known that there was a time when the compositions of Handel were not so popular as they are in our day: nay, it is well remembered, that at the performance of his *Messiah*, the Royal presence could not produce any thing like an audience. The witticisms of Lord Chesterfield on the occasion will not be forgotten. The great composer, however conscious of the real merit of his music, consoled himself with the certainty of
that

that posthumous fame which he now possesses. Indeed, he was once a prophet on this subject; for as he was conducting a morning concert at Leicester-House, when his present Majesty was about four years of age, he was so struck with the attention which the Royal boy paid to the music, that he exclaimed to the performers about him.—*If that young Prince should live to ascend the throne, then will be the æra of Handel's glory.* No one will venture to say that his prophecy has not found completion.

A N E S S A Y

On the Love of our Country.

BENEVOLENCE is the noblest quality of human nature, and great minds must excel in this generous virtue. The most attractive objects of a benevolent mind is his country: to make that happy and prosperous, is the pride and pleasure of his soul. A natural sweetness of temper is an early indication of social virtues: but just reflection alone can influence the noble passions. The more men reason on truth and justice, the more they are ashamed of vice and error: hence a man of sense despises a selfish action, and de-

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lights

lights in the most diffusive beneficence, as he finds it the most lasting, valuable, and requisite pleasure. 'Twas well observed, he that would be generous, must first be just. How often are men undone by a generous extravagance? And how happy would it be for mankind, did every one study fair dealing and equity, more than ostentatious actions? Benevolence flourishes most in Republican governments; where the people are equal and free, there's a general emulation who shall love and serve the publick most; but where it is denied them to act for their country, they quickly forget the care of it. What more affect the passions of a noble mind than national hazards and dangers? who, that has honour or worth, would not sacrifice a private advantage, give up the dearest friend and most valuable interest in life, to support the liberties and blessings of his country, if invaded? How must a generous Roman resent and deplore those devouring plagues which beset the people when the *Lex Majestatis*, the law made to guard the sacred rights and honour of the common wealth, was extended by a forced construction, to punish and restrain the liberty of speaking and writing? Or, how must the subjects of France bemoan themselves and their country, when the practice of dragooning was first introduced? We BRITAINS have dearly bought the liberties we
now

now possess; and we should adore the freedoms we enjoy, honour the Prince who preserves them, and oppose all attempts that may be made to hurt them. It is a duty which a man owes to himself to assert the public rights and privileges; let the parties concerned be ever so exalted, or courted, any one may say with all truth as Phocion of old said to king Antipater "I cannot be your flatterer and friend." 'Twas a memorable saying of Monsieur Mezeray, the famous historian, to a gentleman of our country in the close of the last century, "We had once in France the same happiness, and the same privileges which you have; our laws were made by representatives of our own choosing; our money was not taken from us but by our own consent; our Kings were subject to the rules of Law and Reason; yet now, alas! we are miserable and all is lost. Think nothing, Sir, too dear, to maintain these precious advantages; if ever there be occasion, venture your life and estate, and all you have, rather than submit to the conditions you see us reduced to."

ON

ON TEMPERANCE.

O Temperance! darling of the good and wise,
Whom none but thoughtless debauchees
despise,

In thee true sapience, safe Content we find,
Friend to the body, influence to the mind!
With thee, O source of health, long life remains,
While active spirits swell the untainted veins.
When Temperance match'd with affluent fortune
shines,

Each joyous scene it gracefully refines:
Gives the best goute to plenty, laws to power;
Nor leaves one sadness for a future hour,
The sage * Italian of deserving name,
With just encomium has describ'd thy fame;
And lux'ry traced with delusive charm,
That sensual minds of manly peace disarm.
Tho' youth's gay scenes, his vig'rous health de-
stroy'd,

And pompous vice his noon of life employ'd,
When mild reflection calm'd his heated breast,
Bright virtue's lovelier beauties he confest.
Her awful pow'r with reverence he ador'd;
And blooming years by temperate life restor'd.
Like him, ye Libertines, *tho' earlier*, aim
Youth's vice, e'er strong by habit, to reclaim,

Taint

* Lewis Cornaro.

Taint not the vital springs, nor cloud the soul,
 And all the solid joys of life controul;
 Dissolv'd in wine, how dull the minutes pass,
 Whole nights repeating o'er th' unrelish'd glass,
 The senses, drown'd in vice, unhing'd the mind,
 Nought, can the wretch, but palling pleasures find.

A N E C D O T E

Of the great Duke of Marlborough.

A DETACHED party under the Duke of Marlborough, having fallen in with a superior party of the French, took them prisoners. When they were brought into the camp, and the Duke rode along the lines, the French appeared very much dejected at the defeat, except a tall grenadier, who assumed more the air of a Conqueror than a captive. The Duke, struck with his appearance, rode up to him and said—"If the King your master had 50,000 such brave fellows as you, we should find enough to do in the Netherlands."—"The King my master," replied he, "does not stand in need of 50,000 such as *me*; he only wants *one* man like *Your Grace*." Upon which the Duke immediately presented him with ten guineas, and an escort to the French army.

THE

The UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

MR. WATSON was an eminent West-India merchant, who had acquired a very large fortune, most of which was vested in the funds. When he was upwards of forty, he married a brisk young lady who bore him several children; but they all died young, except Emilia, the unhappy subject of this narrative. She was brought up in the most tender manner, under the fond eyes of her indulgent parents, till she was ten years of age, and then she was sent to a boarding-school at Hampstead. There she acquired the knowledge of French and Italian, with music, dancing, and all sorts of needle-work.

When she was fifteen, she lost her mother, who was taken off by a violent fever, in consequence of having over heated herself, at a city ball. As Mr. Watson loved his wife in the most tender manner, so he remained disconsolate for his loss; but when he began to reflect that his daughter was almost able to manage his domestic affairs, he sent for her home, and was pleased to find what progress she had made in learning.

Emilia was tall and well proportioned, had fine dark eyes, and brown hair; her voice was extremely

ly

ly agreeable, and there was something in the whole of her deportment so engaging, that few could behold her without admiration. He gave her every indulgence consistent with his duty as a parent, and by that time she had completed her seventeenth year, he had the pleasure to see her grown up to her full size, and daily acquiring new accomplishments.

In the same street in which Mr. Watson lived, was the house of one Mr. Mellefs, a merchant of eminence in trade; but unfortunately, he and Mr. Watson happened once to have a very expensive law-suit, in which the latter was cast, and so enraged were they at each other, that when they met in the streets, they would not speak. The one would not go into the coffee-house which the other frequented; nor was any of their servants allowed to meet at the same ale-house. Mr. Mellefs had several children, some of whom were married; and his domestic affairs were managed by his youngest daughter, an agreeable lady, not much turned of twenty.

Emilia, who was not allowed to speak to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs, happened one evening to be at a ball, and a young gentleman, finely dressed, made choice of her as a partner. She did not know his name; but, when the dancing was
over,

over, and he conducted her to his coach, how great was her surprize to hear him called Mellefs. This young gentleman, was the son of Mr. Mellefs, and had managed the greatest part of his business several years; but Emilia had never seen him before.

He was extremely handsome in his shape and agreeable in his features; but had not read much, nor was he very well acquainted with the world. He was, however, very polite in his manners, and had something in his behaviour that charmed all those who conversed with him. In his dress he was neat rather than fine; and was altogether free from the least affectation; so that with most people, who knew him, he passed for a more accomplished gentleman than he really was.

He had often seen Emilia; but as it was in company with her father, he knew that he could not be allowed to speak to her; for Mr. Watson would sooner have married his daughter to a footman, than to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs, Emilia told the young gentleman to set her down before they came to the end of the street where her father lived; but, unfortunately, just as she was coming out of the coach, her father happened to pass by, and saw who she was in company with. He took

no notice, but walked home; she called for a chair, that set her down at her father's door.

When she came into the parlour, her father asked with whom she had been dancing; to which she answered, that a young gentleman had chosen her for a partner at the ball; but she could not tell his name. "That is a little strange," said the father, "that your memory should be so bad, when it is but a few minutes since I saw you come out of his coach. Emilia turned pale, burst into tears, and falling on her knees, implored her father's pardon, declaring, in the most solemn manner, that she never saw the gentleman before that night; and her meeting with him was merely accidental. Mr. Watson, however, did not pay much regard to what was said by his daughter; for he concluded, that they had met together at the ball, in consequence of some previous appointment.

He told her he should forgive her for the present offence; but if ever he should know of her being in his company again, he would dispose of his fortune in such a manner, that she should not enjoy any of it.

Next morning Mr. Watson received the following letter; the contents of which had almost driven him to a state of madness.

A a

" Sir,

“ Sir,

“ I had the honour to meet your daughter by accident, last night at the ball; and must acknowledge she has many more accomplishments than ever I knew fell to the share of one of her sex; but alas! I am writing to one who I fear will pay no regard to my strongest arguments. But surely, Sir, you are a rational creature; and although my father and you were so unfortunate as to have a law-suit, yet why should you continue your hatred to his son? If my father ever did you an injury, why should I be blamed for it, seeing I am innocent? How much more noble would it be to forgive, than resent an injury: nor can we repeat the Lord's prayer in sincerity, unless we freely forgive our enemies.”

“ Let me beg, Sir, that a reconciliation may yet take place between my father and you; that you might live like neighbours; and as a bond of that union, let your lovely daughter be mine.”

“ In hopes of a favourable answer, I am Sir, with the utmost respect

“ Your most obedient Servant,

“ CHARLES MELLESE.”

Had news arrived that the Spaniards had seized his plantations in the West-Indies; had all the
uninsured

uninjured vessels been sunk, or had the Gazette told him that his banker had failed, Mr. Watson could not have raved more like a madman than he did when he received the young gentleman's letter. His daughter seeing him in such agitation of mind, and not knowing what was the matter, was going to ask him; when, in the violence of passion, he struck her a terrible blow on the temple, which brought her to the ground.

The poor young lady screamed out, and the servants ran to her assistance; while her father stood trembling with the violence of his passion. The servants told Emilia, that the letter came from young Mr. Mellefs, and therefore they did not wonder that their master should be so enraged, as the parents had kept up a continual hatred of each other for more than twelve years.

"Alas!" said Emilia, and do they expect to be forgiven, when they die? But I am innocent, and why should I suffer?"

There is nothing so much stimulates love, as opposition. When young people of both sexes are allowed to meet freely together, while they behave with decency, courtship goes on more rationally and smooth than when the parents are very strict in their orders for them not to meet.

Prohibitions of this nature, without the most justifiable reasons, seldom end in any thing good ; for they put young lovers upon the invention of schemes, that otherwise would never have been thought of by them. Nay, there are many young women, as well as men, who elope with lovers, whom, had they been allowed to meet in a regular manner, they would never have married ; because they would have seen into their natural temper.

Such was the case with Miss Watson ; she could not bear to think that the young gentleman should be treated with so much indignity, for no other reason than that her father and his once had a law suit, and that he had danced with her at a ball.

When Mr. Watson's passion had so far subsided, that he was able to hold a pen, he folded up the young gentleman's letter in a cover, on the inside of which he wrote the following, addressed to old Mr. Mellefs.

“ Sir,

“ You will see by the inclosed, what a rascal your son is, to have the impudence to speak to my daughter, or to write letters to me. If he ever presumes to write to me again, I shall not spare his bones, having bought an exceeding good cudgel for that purpose.

G. W.

As

As old Mr. Mellefs hated Mr. Watſon as much as the latter did him, ſo when he ſaw the young gentleman's letter, he was as much enraged againſt his ſon, as the other had been againſt his daughter. He told Charles, that he would diſcard him for ever if he ſpoke to the young lady again, for he was determined that none of his family ſhould, while he lived, be connected with Mr. Watſon's.

Charles promiſed ſubmiſſion and obedience; but promiſes are more eaſily made than kept, eſpecially in love affairs. The week after this affair of the ball, Mr. Watſon was obliged to go to Falmouth, on account of a ſhip of his being ſtranded on the coaſt near that town; and he did not return in leſs than a week.

Charles, who had learned, by giving a guinea to one of the ſervants, where Miſs Watſon's milliner lived, went to the ſhop, and left a letter for the young lady. It was not long before he received an answer; and from the contents he found, that notwithſtanding all that her father had ſaid, yet his perſon was not indifferent to her.

By the aſſiſtance of the very obliging milliner, the two lovers had an interview, which was as affecting as could be imagined, eſpecially when it is conſidered under what reſtraints they both lay.

But

But although they kept their meetings as secret as possible, yet it was not long before Mr. Watson discovered them. One of his footmen had lately married the cook-maid; and the young couple had taken a public house, near to where the milliner lived; so that they often saw Miss Watson go in, and Charles soon after her. They knew that these meetings must be unknown to the old gentleman; and therefore the publican, in order to procure favour with his late master, who had lent him money to buy the lease of his house, went and informed Mr. Watson, who ordered his daughter to be confined in a close room, to which there was only one small window, looking into the yard behind the house.

As she had never known what confinement was before, this severity threw her into a fever; and though she recovered a little from it, yet melancholy preyed upon her spirits; and her physicians told her father that she must try what effect the waters at Scarborough would have upon her. To this her father consented, because he had been informed that young Mr. Mellefs was gone over to Rotterdam, in Holland, to settle some business relating to a failure that had happened there.

Accordingly, the young lady was sent to Scarborough, under the care of an aged female, a distant

tant relation of Mr. Watson; who had strict orders not to let her see any letters that came to her, unless from him. But this caution was needless; for the day after her arrival at Scarborough, as she was walking by the sea-side, she met young Mr. Mellefs in company with the captain of a Dutch ship.

It seems, Charles had settled his business at Rotterdam; and, as it was in the summer season, he thought he could not spend a few weeks better, than by visiting some of the most noted curiosities in the north of England. For this purpose he landed at Scarborough, and had only been a few hours on shore, when he was met by Emilia. Their mutual transports were so sudden, that they could scarce believe their own eyes; and, lest any thing should separate them for the future, they set off the same night for Scotland, where they were married; and then returned to Scarborough.

As soon as Mr. Watson heard of his daughter's marriage, he made his addresses to a young milliner of nineteen, upon whom he settled all his fortune; and Mr. Mellefs so much resented the conduct of his son, that he made his will, and cut him off with a shilling.

The young couple being thus left destitute, were soon reduced to great distress; and Emilia, being
taken

taken in labour, died together with her child. Charles did not long survive her; for not being able to endure the thoughts of staying any longer in England, he went over to the East Indies, where he was seized with a fever, which soon put a period to his life.

On the VICISSITUDES of LIFE.

IN life what various scenes appear!
How differs every day!

We now the face of comfort wear,
To-morrow — of dismay.

As light and darkness each succeed,
So pleasure follows pain,
Our spirits drooping while we bleed,
The brisker flow again.

Winter and summer have their turns,
Each vale its rising hills;
One hour the raging fever burns
The next an ague chills.

A mind at ease and free from care
Can paradise excel,
But when in trouble and despair,
A palace then is hell.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE AND VICE:

A VISION.

WHEN silent night invited to rest and repose, I slept in gentle slumber, but fancy busied itself in an aerial ramble: Methought I was conveyed to an extensive plain crowded with people, who seemed to be in search of something by their diligence; I stood some time musing on the scene before me, when there appeared a radiant form like the description of an angel, which thus accosted me: What there thou see'st is not by every one rightly understood; my business is to inform the curious enquirer; if thou wilt follow me, I will unfold to thee the mystery; I replied, such a condescension will inspire me with gratitude and thankfulness.

Direct thine eyes and thou wilt see before thee on the plain two paths, extending different ways, each of which is terminated by a temple dedicated to the powers which influence their respective votaries; the one Virtue, the other Vice; that on the left directs to the temple of Vice, this on the right to the temple of Virtue; follow me and thou shalt see the manners of each. We entered the gate, guarded by Innocence blooming as the morning;

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a severity,

a severity, mixed with satisfaction, appeared in her countenance; we passed by, after my guide had resolved the necessary questions. We walked a few steps and came to a noble pile of building, but no unnecessary ornaments to decorate it, the whole plain but beautiful; we entered in and saw a great number of boys and girls listening to the dictates of a grave, elderly person, who I was informed was Wisdom. I stood some time, with pleasure, to hear the divine precepts explained so clearly, and with such energy of language. We then walked on to another building, where I saw several grave, elderly persons with globes and other mathematical instruments instructing the young men in the sciences necessary to inform the mind of the stupendous works of the Supreme Being, and thereby teach them to adore the Power that made them; When I had satisfied my curiosity, we walked farther on. In this part of the path the youth of both sexes were busy in walking up and down between that and the next building. Methought this part seemed exposed to the assaults of some troublesome persons who mixed among the crowd: I sat down on a convenient seat to observe their conduct; I turned my eyes and saw walking from the path of Vice a beauteous woman arrayed in all the splendid ornaments that could be of use to attract the eye; when she came near, the young
men

men ey'd her with pleasure; she beckoned and looked languishing and wanton with her eyes, some followed her, overcome with her charms, others turned away. Immediately there appeared an antique figure, who, I was informed, was Calumny with a bow and quiver of arrows, which he discharged at several youths, but Fortitude supported, and Truth, with her adamantine shield, covered them; some turned back, through fear, others stood the trial; those that stood were conducted by Fortitude to her temple, when they entered I could hear the sound of a trumpet in honour of their courage. I said to my guide, why are such disturbers suffered to discompose these virtuous in their progress; she replied, these things are suffered to try the faith of the votaries of Virtue; if they fall, it shews their insincerity and want of faith. We walked on to the building where Fortitude received the bold in Virtue; we entered in and saw a number who had arrived thus far through trials of various kinds; a sweet serenity and home-felt joy appeared in the countenance of those men; This was a joy of Reason, accompanied with a kind of celestial happiness, but their work was not yet accomplished, though they had thus far fought the good fight. We left them, and journeyed on to the last building, except the temple; here we found a great number of old men discoursing to-

gether in harmony and love, relating the circumstances of their past lives, and penning precepts for the instruction of rising youth. Me-thought one among them declared audibly thus: " We have fought the good fight, we have also finished our course, hence there is laid up for us, a crown immortal in the heavens." We left them, and walked on towards the magnificent temple of Virtue; my guide said to me, forbear to approach too near that sacred place, nothing unholy can ever enter there, thou art young and unexperienced, and have many probations to go through before thou canst gain admittance there. The distant view ravished my soul with its beauty and grandeur; no language can paint the dazzling splendor thereof.

My guide bid me prepare for the second fight; methought we were immediately conveyed to the gate at the entrance of the path of Vice, which was guarded by Licentiousness in loose attire, when we came near she looked a languishing leer, and whispered some immodest words as we passed by; we walked on a little way and came to a building which we entered and found a croud of little boys and girls, listening to the instructions of several masters and mistresses who were teaching the arts of music, dancing, and how to improve the person by arts of dress; some were singing amo-
rous

rous songs, some frisking up and down in the dance, some practising airs at the glass to prepare them for future life. When we had viewed these, we walked on to another building, which appeared exquisitely beautiful; the pillars at the entrance were ornamented with sculptural imagery of various kinds; in the inside of the roof which was lofty, was represented in curious paintings the amours of the Heathen Gods and Goddeses; music both vocal and instrumental, was the entertainment of these youths of both sexes who were all striving which should raise the greatest passions. I had a secret inclination to have staid here, but my guide called me away. We walked on to the next building. In this part of the path many were walking to recover a lost bloom; their countenances looked pale and emaciated through intemperance. When we entered the next building I was surprized at the change from love to hatred of one another, men cursing women for their infidelity, and one another for their treachery and deceit, some singing songs in honour of intemperance, some stupid with drinking, some raving, some laughing, some crying out through pains of gouts, rheumatisms, fevers &c. in short, it seemed both an hospital and bedlam too. We soon left these and journeyed on to another building; here was some few old men, but these looked sorrowful
and

and full of pains, hopes of annihilation and fear of eternal torment agitated their minds; after this I said to my guide, if this is the state of the vicious, certainly virtue is most eligible. We walked out and viewed the temple of vice at a little distance, which was grand on the outside, but there seemed an eternal discord to reign amongst the inhabitants; the chief rulers here were pride, lust, envy, malice, pain, grief, calumny and innumerable others; the works and caves around seemed to echo to the incessant uproar; when the seeming sound disturbed my sleep, and I awoke, and mused on the oddness of my dream.

AN INDIAN ANECDOTE

Of a KING of MALACCA.

OSORIUS, in his history of Portugal, gives this memorable story; that Alphonso Albuquerque whom the King of Portugal had made his viceroy in the East-Indies, being empowered to constitute and appoint such magistrates under him as should best contribute to the establishment of tranquillity and commerce, first of all, about the year 1514, conferred the title and dignity of supreme Indian governor or king under him, upon
Ninachetuen,

Ninachetuen, venerable for his age, and esteemed by the people for his wisdom and conduct; but in the course of time Albequerque, being induced by some private reasons to transfer that honour and dignity upon Uterimutaria, the petty king of Campar, endeavoured by all possible persuasions to bring Ninachetuen into a temper of resignation; and when he found all his arguments and intrigues ineffectual, resolved to fetch Uterimutaria and fix him by his own authority in the place of Ninachetuen.

This was no sooner known, than Ninachetuen, not able to bear the indignity of being reduced to a private station, after he had been accustomed to reign, ordered a scaffold to be erected upon several pillars, and to be decked with rich tapestry, strewed with flowers, and fumigated with the richest perfumes. He then dressed himself in a robe made of cloth of gold, and studded all over with precious stones, and mounted this scaffold, under which was a pile of sweet wood, well disposed and prepared to be lighted.

Such an extraordinary appearance attracted the eyes and attention of the whole place, from whom the king had secreted his real intention; to whom he spoke, first reminding them of the services he had performed for the Portuguese before

fore their conquest of Malacca; then related what he had done for their sovereign since their settlement at Malacca; and called them to witness his brave actions for the good of the Portuguese, and his constant attendance and faithfulness in the administration of justice towards his countrymen and those concerned.

He then informed them, that the Portuguese were come to a resolution, and were then contriving to put it in force, to depose him from his dignity and office, and to raise another up to his place, which he looked upon to be such a defamation of his old age that no man with the least sense of honour, could possibly digest such an indignity, because they deprived him of the trust they had themselves given him; and they degraded him of his honours, that he might spin out an ignominious old age with reproach and contempt; that he had always regarded his own life less than his honour; and was now resolved to put an end to his life before they had an opportunity to sully his reputation; and therefore that he was come there prepared to die, and in their presence to put a period to his life, rather than undergo the affront intended to be put upon him.

With these words, the fire already kindled, and blazing up, he cast himself into the midst of it,
and

and soon expired, in the sight of a sorrowful and amazed people, who lamented the miserable end of so good a magistrate, and highly condemned the ungrateful treatment he had met with from the Portuguese.

EXTRAORDINARY RESOLUTION

OF A

GOVERNOR of a FORTRESS.

THE bravery of a garrison in the fortress of Merdin is scarcely to be matched in history, It sustained a seven years siege, by the mighty Timurleng who lay before it, during that time, with his invincible army. To terrify the besieged and give them an earnest of his resolution, he caused all the old trees round about the place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater numbers: declaring at the same time, that he would not raise the siege, till those trees should be mature enough to bear fruit: when that time came, he sent a present of the fruits to the Governor of the garrison; as likewise of mutton, with this message, that he took pity on so brave a man, fearing lest he should starve for want of necessaries.

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As soon as the Governor had received these presents, turning to the messenger he said, "go tell thy master, I thank him for his presents of fruits; but, for the flesh, we shall have no occasion for it, so long as our ewes afford us milk enough to sustain the whole garrison: And that thy master may be assured we are not in want of that, I will send him a present of cheeses made of the same." Accordingly he commanded four cheeses to be delivered to the messenger; which, when Timurleng saw, and heard the words of the Governor, he despaired of reducing the place, tho' he had laid before it seven years, wanting only two months, and so raised the siege; but had he known or understood what sort of cheeses these were, he would no doubt not have done so: for they were made of the milk of bitches, and were the very last sustenance the garrison had, except the flesh itself of those animals.

*How much better Money is employ'd in Charity,
than the Indulgence of our Appetites,*

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN

EASTERN TALE.

ZACCHOR and Esreff, two youths, begged
of the Dervise Morat their tutor, who was a
feer,

feer, and blessed by Mahomet with the knowledge of future events, to permit them to visit the curiosities of Aleppo, to which place they were but lately come for the advantage of the wise and holy man's instructions, and who had undertaken their education: he gave each of them a few aspers on going forth to expend on whatever their inclinations prompted to; and on their return he enquired how they had disposed of their money. I said Zacchor cast my eyes on the finest dates Syria ever produced; laid out my aspers, and indulged in what perhaps I shall never meet with again. And I said Esreff, met a poor helpless wretch with an infant at her breast, whose cries pierced my soul, she was reduced to the very utmost extremity; the angel of death seemed to glare forth at her eyes, and she had scarce strength left to beg that assistance my heart yearned to give her and which our prophet commands all Mussulmen to bestow on misery like her's. She had my aspers, and I grieved I had not more to bestow. The money, said Morat to Zacchor, which you exchanged for the dates will in a few hours be converted into the most odious of substances,—mere excrement; but Asreff, said he, turning to the other, besides the pleasure you must enjoy whenever you reflect on what you have done, know that your well bestowed aspers will produce

a never fading fruit, and contribute to your happiness, both in this world and the world to come; and moreover know that the infant whose life you saved, and who without your assistance must with its mother have perished, will (so heaven has decreed) live to repay your goodness by saving your life many years hence, and rescuing you from the most imminent danger.

A N E C D O T E

OF

KING JAMES the FIRST.

ONCE when the King was hunting, he heard three labouring men complaining heavily of the King's making so many poor Scots great men. The King showing himself, asked, what had been the subject of their conversation. Upon which, judging the King had overheard them, they fell on their knees entreating his pardon. The King drawing his sword, commanded them to tell him their names, and they with trembling voices expecting nothing less than immediate death, replied, John, Thomas, and William, upon which the King flourishing his sword over their heads, cried

cried with an audible voice, "Rise up Sir John, Sir Thomas and Sir William," and then added, "by my Saul men, there are not three poorer knights in aw Scotland."

THOUGHTS on the CREATION.

TO eyes of flesh tho' God remained conceal'd,
 To eyes of faith how gloriously reveal'd!
 What shining witnesses croud all around!
 Answer earth, sea, or speak ye Heavens profound,
 What arm, unnumber'd orbs can you suspend?
 What hand resplendent night, thy veil extend?
 What might, what majesty, the Heavens declare!
 How full confess'd the great CREATOR there!
 O Heavens, whom thousand worlds and wonders
 fill,
 Yet cost your Author only once to will.
 He sprinkles light in the vast dome of Sky
 As in our field he makes the dust to fly,
 O thou by morn announc'd refulgent flame,
 Still brightly new, yet beaming still the same;
 What brings thee from the bosom of the main,
 To cheer us with thy genial rays again,
 Each day I look for, and thou com'st each day;
 'Tis God that calls thee, thou his voice obey.

What

What croud of objects does the eye unite!
 What scatter'd rays concenter in the sight!
 The flexile picture paints all objects plain,
 And strikes a nerve that bears it to the brain,
 Heaven! what frail texture! what fine fibres meet!
 Yet here my memory erects her seat!
 Reposits in this precious magazine,
 Whate'er my ears have heard, my eyes have seen;
 Remits a will, resumes what went before,
 Here keeps my treasures, faithful to restore.
 Those subtle spirits, there as at a goal.
 Await the signal of their queen my soul.
 'Tis given; they fly; and swift thro' all my frame
 Those docile ministers diffuse their flame.
 Scarce have I spoke, when lo! they all stand by:
 Ye unseen subjects which way did you fly?
 Who bids my blood with wholesome ardour flow,
 Which gives my frame with proper warmth to glow?
 Its motions equally my heart impel,
 It forms its liquor in that central cell;
 It comes and warms me with its rapid course,
 Retraces then more cool and calm its source;
 And still exhausting it is still supply'd;
 The ports of its canals stand ever wide,
 Affording to its flow a free access:
 But with oppos'd barriers deny regress.
 Are these wise laws supported by my choice?
 Or to their sanction did I give my voice?

I hardly know them. By attentive care
 I learn the order and the wisdom there.
 This order found, the Author let us own:
 Without a law-giver, were laws e'er known.

A Picture of True Religion.

THE Religion which the divine Author of it taught, is far from banishing harmless mirth, it rather gives a wider scope, and livelier relish of it; it lets in upon every ingenuous breast solid peace, manly joy, and rational complacency: it lays no restraint upon the little flights and sallies of wit, or the sportive turns of humour and fancy; all it pretends to, is to mark out the just measures and boundaries of sobriety and decorum, and to establish a taste in all kinds of them. It is not for extinguishing our passions, but allows and even approves the free indulgence and gratification of natural appetites, within the sacred verge of reason, temperance and discretion. In religious exercise, it enjoins not lengthen'd forms, wearisome rituals, or unnatural fervours: but only such a due frequency, measure, and temper in our external devotions as may best suit the purposes of inward reverence and rational piety. What the Roman poet,

Poet said of Virtue, holds equally good of religion, which is nothing else, but Virtue inforced and improved; that it consists in steering a middle course between two opposite and equal extremes.

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### THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

THERE's not an evil that we fly  
 So much as dreaded *Poverty*;  
 And yet I think it no disdain  
 To be an honest homely swain;—  
 'Tis true, some void of *thought* or *sense*  
 Live careless of their vast expence,  
 Mind only what regards their ease;  
 Their passions gratify, and please;  
 Yet midst their thousands, who can say,  
 "How blest am I each circling day?"  
 Since every kind of troubles found,  
 Where'er luxurious feasts abound,  
 And always *something* to alloy  
 This wanton mirth and seeming joy:  
*Content*, that sweet foretaste of Heaven,  
 Is to the peasant oftener giv'n;  
 'Tis this (dispelling future fear)  
 Creates a sunshine thro' the year;  
 No anxious cares—those foes protest  
 To peace of mind, distract his breast;  
 Pleas'd



Pleas'd with a calm secure retreat  
 He wants not riches to be great,  
 Has no ambitious scheme in view  
 The road of honour to pursue ;  
 But, far from noise and hated strife  
 Enjoys the purer sweets of life ;  
 Ev'n thus some verdant plant I see  
 (As growing near a friendly tree)  
 From adverse storms is shelter'd quite,  
 And all the dreary blasts of night;  
 Whilst tow'ring fir-trees oft are bent  
 And thro' their greatness split and rent,  
 Let *Poverty* none then despise ;  
 What each has got let that suffice,  
 And of true riches all have store ;  
 What would we have? what want we more?

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A REMARKABLE  
 STORY OF A NUN:

*In a Letter from a Lady at PARIS, to her  
 Friend in LONDON.*

MY DEAR MIRANDA,

I AM sorry to find by your's, that you imagine  
 the short time I have been in *France* has made

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me

me cease to be an *English* woman, or that any attachments here can make me forget the more natural ones I have to the country which gave me birth. I can do justice to the pleasures of this place, without loving them beyond those I found at home, and am not so enchanted with the magnificence of *Versailles* or *Fontainbleau*, as not sometimes to wish myself with you, wandering in the delightful shades of dear *Windsor Forest*.— That curiosity, however, which brought me hither, inclines me to stay till I have seen every thing worthy the observation of a traveller, and I should be glad to atone for that absence you so kindly regret, by faithfully communicating to you all the occurrences which my situation makes me acquainted with, such of them, at least, as appear to me to have any claim to your attention.

The following adventure, which I believe, you will think as odd a one as any you have ever met with in Romance; but I can assure, from the testimony of my own eyes, it is a fact which happened but a few days past.

It is the miscalled policy, and I think cruel custom of this country, that when a person of condition has a greater number of daughters than his fortune will allow him to portion off according to their rank, he forces the younger, or the least favourite, into

into a convent, rather than suffer the dignity of his family to be demeaned by an ignoble marriage.—By the laws of the church, it is true no woman can be compelled to take the veil; and after the year of probation, the question is always asked in the most solemn manner by the bishop; but when once a poor young creature is carried within those fatal walls, there are so many insinuations on the one side, from the abbess and Sister-hood, and so many threats on the other, from the parents and kindred, that few have had the courage to testify their dislike.

One of these intended victims to pride and ostentation, I happened to be acquainted with at the grate of the *St. Augustine* monastery, behind which she frequently appeared with some of the nuns, to whom I had been introduced. She was extremely pretty, and her age did not exceed seventeen, but she had an air of dejection in her face, which shewed how little she was satisfied with the lot assigned her.—She had, it seems besides, a natural aversion to a monastic life, the most tender attachment to this world:—She loved a young gentleman, by whom as the sequel will prove, she was no less ardently beloved.—The story of their mutual passion was no secret.—I heard it from as many as had the least acquaintance with either of

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them,

them, and every one compassionated the cruel and eternal separation which must shortly be between them.

But of what service is pity, without the power of helping.—The parents of the young lady were inexorable.—Her year of noviceship was now expired, and the fatal day appointed to tear her for ever from all her hopes, and every enjoyment of life and love.

As I had never seen the ceremony of initiation, and had been told much of it, I was very desirous of being present at this, and no sooner gave a hint of my inclination, than a gentleman and his lady, from whom I have received many signal favours since my arrival, offered to accompany and place me where no part of the solemnity should escape my sight.

Accordingly we went, and had not long attended, before we saw the intended nun appear, led between her father and another grave old gentleman, who was the next of kin and followed by a vast number of both sexes.—She was habited extremely rich. Her head, stomacher, and the borders of her gown, sparkled with jewels, and seemed rather to bespeak the magnificence of a bride; than of one who was going to be secluded for ever  
from



from the world. My obliging guides, however, informed me this was always the custom, but that the instant of her admission, she would be disrobed of all this state.

The splendor in which she appeared, on so sad an occasion, put me in mind of those beautiful lines which *Mr. Philips* has put into the mouth of *Andromache* :

*Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,  
Pleas'd with the sacred fife's enliv'ning sound,  
Through gazing crouds, in solemn states proceeds ;  
And, dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.*

For I must own, that without any of these tender emotions she was possessed of, I look on a monastic life as a total privation of all the purposes of our being.—Our talents were designed for action, and are not only relative to our own wants, but to the good of social life. Each individual, is in some sense, related to the community in general, as each member is to the body. Their mutual good offices constitute the public welfare. It is therefore a species of murder to inclose within the prison of monastic walls, a life which might have been valuable to society; for whoever enters into it is, in a natural sense, as effectually buried, as if deposited in the *land where all things are forgotten.*

But

But as, by what I have been told of her, I thought I had reason to guess at the situation of her heart, I was beyond measure surprised to find, instead of that distraction, that melancholy gloom, I expected in her countenance, a look more lively than I had ever seen her put on.—Her pace indeed was even, and composed, befitting the solemnity of the procession, but her eyes darted the most sprightly rays, while she continually turned her head from side to side, as willing no one of that numerous assembly should be unnoticed by her.—The short reflection I had time to make on her behaviour, rendered me incapable of believing her heart was engaged, at least so deeply, as had been represented to me; for it did not enter into my head, that a person of her years, and so extravagantly in love, could have either real fortitude enough to make the cruel sacrifice she was about to do, without the greatest and most visible emotions, or artifice enough to disguise the anguish of her soul, were it, in any measure, proportionable to what the world imagined.

As I had been told the form observed in admitting a young nun, I was not a little impatient to see how she would go through this last scene of her part. I doubt not but you are equally so, and I will not keep you in suspense. She knocked at the

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the gate of the convent, with the intrepidity she had approached it. The bishop appeared, and asked what was her demand? To which, it seems, she should have answered, *To be admitted within these sacred walls, and that heaven will accept my vows of everlasting chastity.*— But my dear *Miranda*, she had prepared a speech of a far different nature, and putting one knee to the earth, and at the same time taking hold of the hand of a well-made agreeable young gentleman, who had pressed through the crowd till he got close to her, *My lord*, said she, *I demand this gentleman for my husband, to whom I have been long since engaged by the most solemn promises, and from whom death only shall divide me.*

Never was any consternation greater, than which appeared in the faces of all present.—The bishop frowned.—The father of the young lady, and some other of the kindred, endeavoured to force her from her lover; but their hands were too closely locked to be easily unriveted, and six or seven gentlemen, who till now had seemed disinterested spectators of the show, but were in the plot, came that instant up, and each laying his hand upon his sword, said, If persuasion was ineffectual, they were prepared to do justice to their friend, who was betrothed to the lady they would compel to be a nun.

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On this, the bishop took the old gentleman aside, and as I have been since informed, remonstrated to him that as no convent either would, or could, according to the orders of the church, pretend to receive her after this public declaration of her pre-engagement, the most prudent way would be to give his consent to what would doubtless be consummated without it, perhaps in a less honourable way.— The rest of the kindred were afterwards consulted, and after a short whisper among themselves, they turned to the young lady, who was now encircled by the friends of her lover, and the father said, that though she had taken a step so contrary to his intentions, and the duty she owed him, yet he would no longer oppose her inclinations.—

On which the same bishop, who was to have received her vows of celibacy, performed the ceremony of her nuptials, to the infinite satisfaction of the whole assembly, who loudly expressed their approbation of the conduct both had shewn, and doubted whether the courage of the bride, or the constancy and ingenuity of the bridegroom were most to be commended.—For my part, as little compassion as you think I have for the woes of love, I was so much affected with those she had laboured under, that I was infinitely rejoiced to see so happy a period put to them.

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## ESSAY on DISCRETION.

**D**ISCRETION does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence: Virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in error, and active to his own prejudice. Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong

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and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him. Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share in others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life. As discretion is the most useful talent a man can be master of, so Cunning is the accomplishment of little minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of short sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: Cunning when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; Cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in  
men

men of strong sense and good understanding: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest that removes from them. In short cunning is only the mimick of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom. The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward to futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his

views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

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## HUMANITY.

**A**H me! how little knows the human heart,  
 The pleasing task of soft'ning others woe,  
 Strangers to joys that pity can impart,  
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.  
 If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly state,  
 If e'er I've bow'd my knee at Fortune's shrine,  
 If e'er a wish escap'd me to be great,  
 The fervent pray'r, HUMANITY was thine.  
 Perish that man who hears the piteous tale,  
 Unmov'd, to whom the heart felt glows unknown,  
 On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,  
 Nor make the injur'd wretch's cause his own.  
 How little knows he the extatic joy,  
 The thrilling bliss of chearing wan despair,  
 How little knows the pleasing, warm employ,  
 That calls the grateful tribute of a tear.  
 The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,  
 The glare of pride & pomp, be grandeur thine,  
 To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,  
 And soothe the oppress'd orphan's woes be mine.  
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Be't mine the blush of modest worth to spare,  
 To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh,  
 The kind're'd warmth of charity to share,  
 Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.  
 Can the loud laugh, the mirth inspiring bowl,  
 The dance or choral song, or jocund glee,  
 Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul?

Or warm the breast, HUMANITY, like thee.  
 The pallid coward's heart thou scorn'st to bear,  
 Thy seat's the generous bosom of the brave,  
 The same bold warmth that bids the gallant dare,  
 Bids him the trembling, prostrate victim save.  
 Not all the laurels on Great Cæsar's brow

Not all the honour Rome to pay him strove,  
 Could such a glorious, deathless meed bestow  
 As the fair wreath that meek-ey'd Mercy wove.  
 Shall murd'rous conquest point the path to fame?

Shall scenes of ravage still employ the muse?  
 And shall not tender mercy have her claim?

The palm to her shall still the song refuse?  
 Ah no! the prowess of the hero's sword.

(When but to rapine and to waste confin'd)  
 The shouts of triumph can no name afford,

No title like THE FATHER OF MANKIND.  
 Young Ammon's or the Swedish Charles's fame,  
 May win the wonder of the unthinking crowd  
 But reason's sober voice shall still proclaim,

'The paths to glory are not wet with blood.'

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To purge an impious, bold, offending race,  
 The stagnate, poison-breeding air to cleanse,  
 Th' indignant father bids his wrath take place  
 A conq'rer now, and now a whirlwind sends.  
 Relenting then, he bids the storms assuage,  
 And lo! a Titus or a BRUNSWICK reigns:  
 Justice and mercy bless the happy age,  
 And peace and plenty cheer the smiling plains.

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## Frolicks Unlawful because Dangerous.

### A FATAL ONE RELATED.

**D**URING the hard frost in the year 1740, four young gentlemen of considerable rank, rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to London, at Eleven o'Clock at Night without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses; and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the

the surprize: they perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat; they discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumsppection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover; they endeavoured to conciliate his good will, by extravagant commendation of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions; he was however, still cautious, and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage coach, the passenger of which they intended to *hum-bug*, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended by a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions: and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret: having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

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Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for a constable with proper assistants and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become intitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command, as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct.

But the host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolick, with infinite satisfaction, beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals, going to execution; and  
enjoyed



enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid the reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses; care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spigot's desire that the adventurers should go far, before they executed their plan; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed greatly surprised to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he supposed they might choose to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would: he determined however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to having been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey: the panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had

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hired

hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty; they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not be seen at the distance of twenty yards; every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, *deliver your money*.

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop; this incident among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk  
down

down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had stopt his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man however who had thus fallen the victim of a frolick, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprized that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the *Bucks* were entertaining a polite circle at *White's* with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance, and they remained sometime silent looking upon each other mutually accused, reproached, and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. "A man," said he, "who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth when the fun was going down; would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety, he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and if he did, would be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us; but every one may at least secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to abstain even from the appearances of evil."

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AN INTERESTING

*SPANISH STORY.*

**I**T was about eleven o'Clock, on a summer's night, when the moon shone in its full splendour, that a poor old gentleman returned from his walks in the suburbs of Toledo, accompanied by  
his



his whole family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, (a young girl of sixteen) and a female servant. The gentleman, whose virtue had long stood the test of indigence, was called Don Lewis; his wife Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose mind and person were equally angelic, Leocadia. As this worthy groupe approached the city, they were met by a young Cavalier named Rodolpho; one of those youths of quality, who think that rank and fortune are adequate substitutes for honour and decency. He had just risen from table, and was proceeding on his nocturnal rambles, attended by a number of his companions, all heated with the dangerous fumes of wine; their meeting with Don Lewis and his family, was that of the wolves and the sheep.

These youthful debauchees stopped short, and stared at the women with an air of insolence. One of them kissed the servant; the old gentleman expostulates; they insult him; he draws his sword with a hand that trembles with age; Rodolpho disarms him with a contemptuous sneer; then takes Leocadia in his arms, and escorted by his guilty companions, conveys her in triumph to the city.

While Don Lewis was uttering imprecations against his own weakness, while Donna Maria was  
rending

rending the air with her cries, and the servants calling in vain for assistance, the wretched Leocadia fainted in the arms of Rodolpho; who, having reached his own mansion, dismissed his friends, and opening a private door, carried his victim to his chamber, without a light, and without being seen by any of the servants. Before she could effectually recover her senses, he there perpetrated the most abominable crime, of which intoxication and brutality can render a man guilty.

When Rodolpho had gratified his infamous desires, he remained an instant in a state of suspense, at a loss how to act; and he doubtless experienced sentiments of remorse: but before he could come to any determination, Leocadia recovered; all was silence and darkness around her; she sighed, she trembled, and exclaimed with a feeble voice—  
 “My mother! Oh! my mother, where are you?  
 — My father!— answer me; where am I?—  
 What bed is this? O God! my God, hast thou forsaken me? Does any one hear me?— Am I in my tomb?— Ah wretch that I am! would to Heaven I were there!”

At that moment, Rodolpho seized her hand; she shrieked aloud, started from him, advanced a few steps, and fell on the floor. Rodolpho approached;

proached; she then rose on her knees and in accents of despair interrupted by frequent sobs, exclaim'd " O you, whoever you are, who are the author of my misery; you, who have just rendered me the most wretched, the most contemptible of creatures; if in your breast remains one single spark of honour; if your heart be susceptible of the least sense of pity; I beseech you, I conjure you, to put an end to my existence; it is the only possible reparation for the injury you have done me. In the name of heaven, in the name of all that is dear to you, take away my life. You may do it, without incurring the smallest danger; there is no witness here; nobody will know your guilt; the crime will be inferior to that you have already committed: and I think—yes, I think— I can forgive you all that you have done, if you but grant my present prayer, and give me that death which is now my sole resource." As she uttered these words, she embraced the knees of Rodolpho, who immediately left the room without speaking a syllable; and having locked the door after him, went doubtless to see whether there was any body in the house, or in the street, that could oppose the execution of a project he had just conceived.

As soon as he was gone, Leocadia got up, and approached the window, with a design of throwing herself

herself out of it; but she was prevented by a strong shutter, which she was unable to open. Having drawn aside the window curtains, the light of the moon entered the apartment. Leocadia remained motionless, reflecting on the misery of her situation: as she cast her eyes around her, she examined with care the form and size of the room; and having observed the furniture, the pictures, and the tapestry, she discovered a small golden crucifix lying on an *oratory*, which she took up, and hid in her bosom. She then placed the curtains as it was before, and waited in darkness for the barbarian who was to decide on her fate.

It was not long before Rodolpho returned; he was alone and still without a light. He approached Leocadia; and having tied a handkerchief over her eyes, took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, led her into the street, and after taking several turns, stopped at the door of the great church, where he left her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

It was sometime before Leocadia durst remove the handkerchief from her eyes. At length finding every thing quiet around her, she ventured to untie it; and the church being the first object that presented itself to her sight, her first action was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to  
Heaven:



Heaven: she then arose, and directed her trembling steps to the house of Don Lewis.

The wretched parents were lamenting the loss of their child, when they heard a knock at the door. Don Lewis ran to open it; and seeing Leocadia, threw his arms round her neck, uttering a loud exclamation of joy, which brought Donna Maria, who, equally surprised and rejoiced, pressed her daughter to her bosom. They both invoked the benedictions of Heaven on their child; whom they called the comfort of their lives, and the sole support of their old age; they bathed her with the tears of affection; and harassed her with such a multiplicity of questions, as effectually precluded the possibility of an answer.

When the first transports were over, the unhappy Leocadia threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing countenance, related every thing that had passed, though she had scarcely strength enough to finish the dismal tale. Don Lewis raised her up, and pressing her in his arms, said, " My dearest child, dishonour can only result from the commission of a crime; and thou hast committed none! Interrogate thy conscience; can it find in thy words, actions, or thoughts, the smallest subject for reproach? No,

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my child, thou art still the same, still my good, my virtuous Leocadia ; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, and venerates thee, more perhaps than before thy misfortune."

Leocadia, encouraged by these affectionate expressions shewed her father the crucifix, which she had brought away with her, in the hope that it might one day lead to the discovery of her ravisher. The old man, fixing his eyes on the crucifix, and shedding tears, thus addressed it, " O my God! may your eternal justice deign to discover, deign to present to my sight, the barbarian who has injured my child, my arm shall recover the vigour of youth, and wash away the insult with his guilty blood !"

The transports of Don Lewis augmented the grief of Leocadia ; which her mother endeavoured to soothe by taking the crucifix from her husband ; who, forgetting his anger, when the object that caused it was removed, again returned to console his daughter both by words and caresses.

After some time, wholly devoted to sorrow, the unfortunate Leocadia recovered a small portion of her lost tranquillity ; but she never left the house for a moment, from a conviction that her countenance would betray, to every one she met, the  
cruel

cruel outrage she had suffered.—Alas! she soon found more powerful inducements to keep herself concealed! Not many weeks had elapsed, before she perceived she was pregnant; a discovery which affected her so deeply, that her father and mother had the utmost difficulty to prevail on her to survive it. For several days, she refused all kind of nourishment; and courted death, as the only source from whence she could derive consolation. But affection for her parents, and respect for the new character she was about to assume, overcame, at length, the suggestions of despair, and fortified her mind with sufficient resolution to support the evils she was doomed to experience.

When the time of her delivery approached Don Lewis and his wife hired a small country house, whither they repaired without a single attendant; and Donna Maria herself supplied the place of a midwife. With her assistance Leocadia gave birth to a lovely boy; to whom Don Lewis stood godfather, and bestowed on him his own name. The mother soon recovered; and as she experienced much affection for her child, being never easy when he was out of her sight, her parents resolved to keep him in the house, and to pass him for the son of a near relation. When the health of Leocadia was sufficiently re-established, they all returned to

Toledo, where no one had suspected the true cause of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho (who soon after it happened, had set out on a journey to Naples) made no noise; and Leocadia, an object of universal respect and esteem, continued to discharge with equal strictness, the sacred duties of a parent and a child.

Young Lewis, in the mean time, advanced in age and beauty, daily acquiring new charms, and exhibiting frequent proofs of an understanding far above his years. One day, when he had just entered his eighth year; there was a grand combat of bulls in the city; and the child placed himself at the door of his mother's house, to see the procession of young noblemen who were to enter the lists with those ferocious animals. Endeavouring to cross the street, in order to obtain a better sight of the procession, he was rode over by one of the troop, whose horse had run away with him, and received a wound in the head, from whence issued a great quantity of blood. A crowd speedily collected around him, as he lay crying on the pavement; and a venerable cavalier who was going to the combat, attended by a number of servants having approached to enquire the cause of the tumult, and seeing the child in that condition, immediately alighted, took him up in his arms, and wiped



ped the blood from his wound; then sending for the best surgeon in the place, pierced the crowd, and carried him to his own house.

During this time, Don Lewis, his wife, and daughter, having been informed of the accident, Leocadia ran into the street, and as the tears streamed from her eyes, called aloud for her son. Her father followed her, and in vain conjured her to be silent; the people joined in their lamentations, and every one was eager to point out the road which the old cavalier had taken. They pursued him with hasty steps; and being arrived at his house, ran up to the apartment where the child lay, under the hand of the surgeon who was dressing his wound. Leocadia folded him in her arms, and anxiously enquired whether the wound was dangerous; and being assured of the contrary, her exclamations of grief were succeeded by demonstrations of joy, equally extravagant. While she was thus giving vent to the effusions of maternal tenderness, Don Lewis and his wife returned thanks to the old cavalier for his kindness and humanity: they told him that the child was the son of a distant relation; and that having had him from his infancy, their daughter had conceived as great an affection for him as if he were her own.

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When the fears of Leocadia for the safety of her child, had subsided, she set herself down on the bedside, and cast her eyes around the room; but what was her surprise, when she saw the same furniture, and the same pictures, as the light of the moon had once discovered to her sight! she perceived the same *oratory*, from whence she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; in short, every thing bespoke the fatal apartment in which her chastity had suffered so gross a violation.

The dreadful recollection overpowered her spirits, already exhausted by too violent exertion; the colour forsook her cheeks, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her parents ran to her assistance, and having by the usual applications, restored her to her senses, immediately conveyed her to their own house. She would fain have taken her child with her; but the old cavalier was so earnest in his entreaties for him to remain where he was, till his health should be perfectly re-established, that they could not resist his solicitations.

As soon as they were alone, Leocadia communicated to her parents the observations she had made, and assured them that the house they had just left, was certainly the residence of her ravisher. Don Lewis instantly went to obtain every species

species of information, which the importance of the subject demanded. The result of the enquiries was this—That the old cavalier's name was Don Diego de Lara ; that he had a son called Rodolpho, who had passed the last seven years at Naples, where his manners had undergone such a total change, that from being the most irregular and unprincipled young man in Toledo, he had become a model of prudence and virtue ; and that the beauty of his person, joined to his mental accomplishments, rendered him the most desirable man for a husband of any in Castile.

Don Lewis and his wife no longer doubted but that Rodolpho was the man who had dishonoured Leocadia. But could they flatter themselves that he would repair the outrage he had committed, by espousing the daughter of a person, who, though he could boast of a noble descent, and a spotless reputation, had the misfortune to be the poorest nobleman in Toledo? No, he did not encourage such pleasing hopes ; all his thoughts, therefore were bent on revenge. But Leocadia, beseeching him to leave the management of this intricate affair wholly to her, and not to interfere till she should require his interference, he was induced, though not without great reluctance, to comply with her request. She now reflected, therefore,  
on

no the best mode of reconciling the dictates of prudence with the preservation of her honour. Her child still remaining at Don Diego's; and that worthy old man paid him every possible attention. His wound wore a favourable appearance; and his mother, together with Don Lewis and his wife, passed whole days in his room.

One day, as Leocadia was alone with Don Diego, who held her son in his arms, and caressed him with all the fondness, she could not refrain from bursting into tears; when Don Diego pressed her with such friendly anxiety to declare the cause of her grief, that being unable to withstand his solicitations, she related with a heavy heart and dejected countenance, every thing which happened in his house; and, in proof of her assertions, produced the crucifix, which Don Diego immediately recollected. She then threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed—"Though your son has dishonoured me, I cannot refrain from embracing your knees; though your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, I cannot withhold my love from you; I cannot but esteem you as the best of fathers."

The child, seeing his mother cry, wept from sympathy; and Don Diego, unable to resist such an affecting sight, raised up Leocadia, pressing her and



and her son, alternately to his bosom, swore that Rodolpho should either marry her, or remain single during his whole life. In consequence of this declaration, he wrote to his son the very next day, commanding him to repair to Toledo without delay, in order to celebrate his marriage with a lady he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. Rodolpho obeyed the summons, and arrived at his father's house; who after the first congratulations were over, began to talk of his approaching nuptials. He expatiated greatly on the riches of his destined bride, but concluded by shewing a hideous picture, which could not fail to excite disgust. Rodolpho, accordingly, shuddered at the idea of marrying such an object of deformity; and attempted to remonstrate with his father on the impossibility of obeying his commands: but Don Diego assuming an air of severity, told him, that fortune was the only point worthy of consideration in a matrimonial connexion. Rodolpho, however, declaimed with great eloquence against a principle so destructive of human felicity; adding, that it had been his constant prayer to Heaven to find a wife, endued with prudence and beauty, whose fortune he might make, in return for the happiness he was sure to derive from her society.

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Don

Don Diego diffembling his joy at the promulgation of sentiments so congenial with his own was proceeding to combat the doctrine advanced by his son, when a servant announced Donna Maria, Leocadia, and her child, who had come to sup with him. Never did Leocadia appear so lovely; it seemed as if the native graces and beauty of her person had received the aid of supernatural embellishments. Her charms dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly asked his father who that divine creature was? Don Diego pretending not to hear him, advanced to the ladies, and was grieved to see a deadly paleness over-spread the face of Leocadia, to feel her hands trembling within his own, and to perceive that the sight of his son had almost deprived her of her senses. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to support her courage on this trying occasion; she fainted, and Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an enthusiastic ardour, that charmed his worthy parent.

At length she recovered and supper was served; during which the eyes of Rodolpho were invariably fixed on Leocadia who scarcely dared look up; she spoke little, but her words were expressive of her sense, and were pronounced in a melancholy tone, which augmented the pleasure Rodolpho experienced in listening to them. Her child was  
seated

seated by the side of his father, and by his insinuating looks and innocent careffes, attracted his attention, and gained his friendship, so far as to extort a remark, that the father of such a child, ought to esteem himself a happy mortal.

After supper, Rodolpho, stricken with the charms of Leocadia, took his father aside, and told him, in a respectful but decisive manner, that nothing should ever induce him to marry the person whose portrait he had shewn him. "You must though," replied the old man—"unless you prefer the young and noble lady, with whom you have just supped.—"O gracious heavens!" exclaimed Rodolpho, "would she but deign to accept my hand, I should be the happiest of men!" "And I the happiest of fathers—if my son, by such an alliance, could atone for the crime which has polluted his honour!"

He then told Rodolpho all he knew; and drawing the golden crucifix from his bosom—"There my son," said he, "there is the witness and judge of that horrible outrage which your blind obedience to a vicious impulse induced you to commit; a judge who will not forgive you, till you shall have obtained the forgiveness of Leocadia." The blush of conscious guilt now tinged the cheek of Rodolpho, who ran to throw himself at Leocadia's

feet.—“ I have deserved your hatred and contempt,” exclaimed he; “ but if love the most respectful, if repentance the most sincere, can be deemed worthy of pardon, do not refuse to bestow it on me. Consider that a single word from your lips will either render me the vilest and most wretched of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands.”

Leocadia was silent for an instant, while her eyes, over-flowing with tears, were fixed on Rodolpho; then turning to her son, she took him up in her arms, and delivered him to his father. “ There,” said she with a feeble voice, “ there is my answer! may that child render you as happy as he had made me miserable!

A Priest and two witnesses being immediately sent for, this fortunate nuptials was celebrated that very night; and Rodolpho restored for ever to virtue, experienced this important truth—*That real happiness can only be found in lawful love.*

ON





## O N T H E

*DUTY of IMPROVING OUR MINDS.*

PLAC'D on this shore of time's far-stretching  
bourn,

With leave to look at nature and return;  
While wave on wave impels the human tide,  
And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;  
Can *life's* short duties better be discharg'd,  
Than when we leave it with a mind *enlarg'd*?  
Judg'd not the old philosopher aright,  
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?

It matters not, my friends, how low or high,  
Your little walk of transient life may lie.  
Soon will the reign of hope and fear be o'er,  
And warring passions militate no more.  
And, trust me, he who, having once survey'd  
The Good and Fair which nature's wisdom made,  
The soonest to his former state retires,  
And feels the peace of satisfied desires,  
(Let others deem more wisely if they can)  
I look on him to be the happiest man.  
So thought the sacred sage, in whom I trust,  
Because I feel his sentiments are just.  
'Twas not in lustrums of long-counted years,  
That swell th' alternate reign of hopes and fears.

Not

Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,  
 That wisdom plac'd the dignity of life;  
 To study nature was the task assign'd,  
 And learn from her th' ENLARGEMENT OF THE  
                   MIND;  
 Learn from her works whatever truth admires,  
 And sleep in death with satisfied desires.

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# *A N E C D O T E*

OF

## Dr. JOHNSON.

**D**R. JOHNSON was exceedingly disposed to the general indulgence of children, and was even scrupulously and ceremoniously attentive not to offend them. He had strongly persuaded himself of the difficulty people always find to erase early impressions either of kindness or resentment, and said, he should never have so loved his mother when a man, had she not given him coffee, she could ill afford, to gratify his appetite when a boy: and being asked, whether, if he had had children, he would have taught them any thing, he replied, that he should willingly have lived on bread and water to obtain instruction for them.

ANEC.

## ANECDOTE

OF

GIOTTO.

AS Cimabue was going one day from Florence to Vespignano, he saw in the fields a shepherd's boy drawing upon a flat stone, with a pointed one, the figure of a sheep: This was Giotto. The good-humoured and discerning artist asked him if he should like to go home with him, and learn to paint. The boy replied, "very willingly, if his father would give him leave." Permission being obtained from the father, Cimabue took Giotto with him to Florence, where he soon excelled his Master, and became one of the founders of the Florentine School.

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 ALI and ORASMIN,

OR THE

EFFECTS of ENVY;

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHEN Muley Mustapha swayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Orasmin, sons of two most eminent Lords in the court of Amurath his father: they were born on the same day; had

had been companions from infancy ; contemplated together the stupendous beauties of Nature ; scrutinized the complicated labyrinths of Knowledge ; cultivated the heroick discipline of War ; and courted the irresistible Graces calculated to meliorate the ruggedness of the soldier, and familiarize the pedantick stiffness of the scholar ; polished the invaluable precepts of Wisdom, and make even Virtue's self more divine. It was determined at their births, by the Genii of Excellence, that Ali should surpass Orasmin in beauty of person, strength of body, and vigour of mind ; and though the latter apparently possessed all the candour and generosity of the former, he was in reality subtle and selfish ; jealous of merit, and impatient of superiority ; yet the sacred zone of friendship was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the sole confidants of each other.

A soil so ungrateful as the breast of Orasmin was little propitious to the seeds of amity ; especially as increasing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exercises, the wreath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the most conciliating demeanour : but nothing could reconcile Orasmin to repeated disappointment ; continual defeat increased his chagrin ; his friendship daily subsided ;  
 he



he had recourse to stratagem for triumph, but the result was ever accumulated mortification; till, at length, envy took possession of his breast, and was by a most important occurrence sublimed into a desire of revenge.

Of Amine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured; and both sought her affections, though unknown to each other: but the talisman of Fortune was in the hand of Ali; and, by consent of the vizier, the cadi drew up the contract of union between them. Orasmin attended the celebration of his friend's nuptials; but, while he prayed aloud that Alla might shower down innumerable blessings on his head, he cursed him in his heart, and from that moment meditated his destruction. But his resentment he veiled under the garb of extreme solicitude; and, while on his lips dwelt the mellifluous accents of disinterested profession, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his soul. Lo! to the eye, how beautiful appears the serpent of the desert; yet in his mouth is inserted a barbed sting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death! Orasmin, now stedfast in his hate, waited with the utmost anxiety for a favourable moment to effect his monstrous purposes on his rival, as the tawny lion of Africa watches an  
I i opportunity

opportunity to spring on his prey: but the hopes of the envious were vain; the conduct of Ali put Scandal to shame, and bade defiance to the machinations of Malice.

The pure bliss which the new-married couple enjoyed, was in the fullness of time heightened extremely by the birth of a son: but it is written in the ample book of Nature—"That the fairest blossom shall be blighted, and the green leaf shall not last for ever; and in the unutterable volume of Destiny, that—The aspect of human happiness is deceitful as the complexion of the sky; and that the exquisite season of enjoyment flees away on the light pinions of impatience." The son of Amine was stolen from his nurse; and the house of Ali, from being the mansion of supreme felicity, became, on a sudden the dwelling of anguish and the haunt of despair. An hundred moons had revolved, and Ali and Amine heard not of their first-born; neither did the all-wise Alla think fit to supply his place by another. At length, Ali was dispatched on an expedition against the enemies of the faithful; and Orasmin had the mortification to serve under him, as second in command. He resolved to thwart him all he could insidiously: and, by a well-concerted stratagem, and most consummate address, made so grand a diversion in fa-  
vour

vour of the foe, that the Mussulmen were not only defeated; but, apparently to the whole army, through the imbecility of the commander in chief, who narrowly escaped being made a prisoner.

The sagacious Ali, however, though he little suspected the treachery of Orasmin, knew well where the blame lay; yet, rather than his friend should suffer, nobly chose to keep silence, and himself bear the whole weight of the Sultan's displeasure. The perfidious Orasmin, internally rejoicing at the effect of his art, with the greatest pleasure received the news, that the generous Ali was banished his sovereign's presence, and had retired to hide his shame far from the royal city. Time, however, and the interest of Omar, once more restored Ali to Mustapha's favour: he was entrusted, in a full divan, with an embassy to the Christian states; and returned, after having concluded his mission in the most honourable manner. But it should seem that the Genii of Prosperity had resigned his destiny to the Spirits of Malediction; the sublime satisfaction he received from the approving smiles of his royal master, were blasted by the intelligence that Amine, the wife of his bosom, was no more! At his departure, she had retired to a house which he possessed by the seashore; and it was her custom every evening to

ramble among the rocks, as if to look for his return: from one of these excursions she never returned; and her attendants concluded that she must have been drowned. Ali was distracted at the information, and flew from society to bury his grief in sympathizing solitude. In the mean time, partly through sorrowing for his daughter, and partly through the dilapidations of time, the venerable Omar resigned his seat of mortality; and Orasmin, by mere intrigue, obtained the post of temporary Vizier; as Mustapha had proclaimed, that no one should be confirmed in it, but he who should perform an action worthy of such a reward.

Orasmin, however, through the most refined artifice, had almost induced the Sultan to perpetuate his claim to the viziership; when Nadar Ismoul, with a formidable army, approached, with all the insolence of a rebel, within two days march of the royal capital. The voice of rebellion pierces the recesses of grief; and Ali, roused from his desponding lethargy by the eminent danger of his country, hastened to court; and throwing himself at the Sultan's feet, entreated leave to march against Nadar, and retrieve his former dishonour. Muley readily complied; and Ali took the field with a less, but a much better disciplined army than that of Nadar: victory strode before him;



him; the deluded forces of the traitor threw down their arms, but it was the will of Alla that their leader should escape.

The acclamations of thousands proclaimed the honourable return of Ali; and Orasmin, making a virtue of necessity, was the first to declare him worthy of the viziership. He at first hesitated to accept it, for the memory of Amine had estranged his heart from society; but, reflecting that man was not made for himself, and he who flights the power of doing good is an enemy to human nature, he received it at the hands of his gracious sovereign with the most zealous and heartfelt professions of gratitude. The torments of Orasmin increased daily; and though he observed the most marked attention to his rival outwardly, the dark projects of revenge continually absorbed his mind. An orphan, who from earliest infancy had been under his protection, loved, and was beloved by his daughter; he had long noticed it, but concealed that knowledge. One day, when the lovers were enjoying, as they thought, the blisses of security, he surprised them, and with a stern frown bid Ibrahim follow him. They entered a private apartment; when Orasmin, seating himself, thus addressed the youth who stood trembling before him—" Ibrahim, when the angel of death deprived

prived thee of thy parents, and the angel of adversity destroyed the fortunes of thine house, thou wast insensible to thy loss. Thy father had been my most intimate friend, and I took thee under my protection. I have been to thee as a father, and thou hast been profuse in professions of gratitude; but it is by deeds alone that we can judge of the sincerity of the heart, and Orasmin now finds it necessary to put thy gratitude to trial." Then giving him a letter, bade him read it; which the terrified Ibrahim, immediately opening, found to contain these words—

"Ali Mahomet, to his esteemed friend, Nadar Iffimoul, greeting, health and happiness. To the tyrant Mustapha, despair and death! The plan of thy defeat was well managed; the credulous Muley is compleatly deceived, and has made me Vizier: he little dreams, that he has put himself into the power of his most implacable enemy. I dispatched this by a trusty messenger; by whom, from time to time, I shall communicate to thee what steps thou art to take. At present, keep still where thou art; and I hope soon to call thee from thy hiding-place, to share with me the empire of the usurping Othmans.

Thine in all the ardour of sincerity,

"Ali Mahomet."

"Among

“ Among the talents thou possessed,” continued Orasmin, “ thou hast that of imitating, beyond the possibility of detection, the most difficult handwriting; transcribe, then, that letter in the characters of Ali our vizier, specimens of which I shall give thee; and, if thou succeedest to my wish, the hand of my daughter Almeria, whom thou lovest, shall be thine.” The agitation of surprize which possessed the youthful Ibrahim, left him not words to reply; he stammered a few incoherent words; when Orasmin, drawing his scymitar, cried—“ I am not to be trifled with! to the task this moment; or, by the head of Mahomet, thou shalt follow the shade of thy father! But, I again repeat it, if thou pleasest me, Almeria shall be thine to-morrow.” Flattered by the hopes of possessing Almeria, but more through fear at the threats of Orasmin, Ibrahim sat down, without a thought of the consequences which might ensue, to imitate the treasonous scroll. The monster who compelled him to the action, was delighted with his performance: and, calling for sherbet, he drank, telling Ibrahim to pledge him, then, bidding him good night with a farcistical smile, and securing the door when he went, left him in a most painful reverie.

Repairing to the walls of the seraglio, he entered by a private passage, through which the Emperor

peror always passed when went to survey the royal city in disguise; and which, by having been vizier, he was well acquainted with: and having, while in office, procured false keys to the various doors, he easily found admission to the secret audience chamber, where none but the vizier can enter, on pain of death, without permission of the Sultan; and, there leaving the letter, he returned to his house exulting in the hope that Mustapha would discover it when he retired there alone, as was his custom every night, to inspect such dispatches as the vizier in the day prepared for his approbation: trusting the success of his plan on the extreme credulity and impetuosity of that monarch, which hurried him into actions that provided him the most severe repentance for his moments of reflection. The event justified his most sanguine expectations; and, before the first watch of the night was passed, a hasty messenger summoned him to a secret audience in the palace. The Sultan presented him with the letter; he read it, and appeared petrified with astonishment: compared the writing with some of Ali's he had purposely brought with him, to satisfy himself of it's identity; then bemoaning the defalcation of his friend, in accents of the most artfully counterfeited grief, and after an apparent struggle between duty and friendship—"Glory," said he, "to God and his prophet; long life to the  
com-



commander of the faithful and destruction to his enemies! The profound duty every Mussulman owes to the vicegerent of Alla, obliges me to dispense with the scruples of an ill-placed friendship; and declare that the conduct of Ali has long appeared to me as involved in the veil of mystery: the plausible manner in which he has ever demeaned himself, I have discovered, beyond a doubt, has been only a bait for popularity; too ardent a love for what is a certain criterion of unwarrantable ambition. I once had the mortification to witness the shameful defeat of the Ottoman arms, under his command. I had then many reasons to suspect treachery: but the implicit confidence I, with the empire at large, put in him, made me discredit my own senses; and it was the same infatuation which induced me to be the foremost in declaring him the most eligible for the viziership, when returned from meeting the rebel Ismoul. Yet, when I reflect, in sober reason, on the nature of that action, and behold the insurgents, though greatly superior in force, throwing down their arms almost without the shadow of resistance, and their leader suffered to escape, it impresses me as a strong confirmation of the authenticity of this newly-discovered instrument of treason.”—

“Thou art right, Orasmin, interrupted the enraged Mustapha: “convey him instantly to a

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dungeon;

dungeon; and to-morrow's sun shall behold inflicted on him the reward of his treachery!"——  
 "Will it please the gracious emblem of Alla," replied Orasmin, "to listen a moment longer, without anger, to his slave; while he offers, as Alla himself can witness, the counsel only dictated by that unshaken attachment ever evinced by his house to the renowned family of the Ottomans?"—"Speak on, and not,"—returned Mustapha. Orasmin proceeded—"Thou knowest well, O glory of thy race! that Ali is the idol of the deluded multitude; and should they behold him going forth to execution, what desperate steps may not their blind attachment induce them to take for his preservation. And a commotion once begun, as we know not how far the treason has spread, may encourage hundreds of accomplices in the guilt to come forward; and, led by Nadar, who doubtless is at hand, induce the populace to join the compact of treason, release Ali, and shake perhaps even the foundation of the Ottoman throne? Let policy, then, bid Justice strike this night; so, the root of the confederacy being cut away, the branches shall necessarily wither; and, when to-morrow's sun shall expose the traitor's head, branded with his crime, to the trembling people, thy subjects shall be more firmly fixed in their obedience—taught by the awful lesson, that the  
 most

most exalted enemies of Mustapha are the fated victims of destruction!" He ceased. "By Mahomet, I swear," rejoined the Sultan, "thy reasons are just! See him instantly dispatched!" "Be this," presenting his ring, "thy warrant. Be gone!" Orasmin wanted not urging, he seized Ali; but appeared not before him, till he beheld him extended on the floor of a loathsome dungeon, secured by the pondrous manacles of injustice. On entering, having ordered the guard to withdraw—"Mahomet!" said he, "is it my noble friend Ali I am commissioned to guard? Can any wretch have accused thee of a crime meriting such dishonour! thou, whose name scandal had not even dared to prophane? Alas! my friend! where will oppression finish its career!"—"I know not, my dear Orasmin!" replied the injured Ali, half raising himself, "my crime, nor mine accuser: innocence, however, is my support; and, while thou art my gaoler, I shall find pleasure even in a prison!"—"Generous, noble Ali!" rejoined the brute, "what is it I do not feel for thee! Yet it were unkind to keep thee in suspense. Know, then, that the abandoned wretch, who was the occasion of the foul disgrace thou endurest, is no other than thy dear, thy beloved friend, Orasmin!"—"Orasmin! Orasmin!" with an accent of doubting horror, enquired the

victim. "Yes!" returned the fiend, "thy Orasmin!" Ali sunk down senseless. On his recovering, Orasmin continued—"From the hour that early youth submitted me to the scourgings of a pedagogue, thou hast been my rival, and the name of Orasmin has shrunk before that of Ali. Thinkest thou, that I could have a spirit, and bear it? No! the childish weaknesses of friendship I soon got rid of; and, from the moment thou deprivedst me of all hope of possessing the sorceress Amine, I determined on a revenge—not a common revenge, that was always at hand—I waited, with all the patience of deliberate malignance, for a revenge worthy my hatred, and I have accused thee of treason; and, behold, this ring is my warrant for thy private murder! Murder! I say; for, O it delights my soul to pronounce it—thou art innocent!"—"And must I die innocent?" exclaimed the devoted Ali. "Yet thy will; O Alla! be done. What more have I to wish for on earth? I have lost my friend, my wife, and my child!"—"Friend," interrupted Orasmin, "thou never hadst! Thy wife and child.—But hold!—I came to torment, not to satisfy thee!—"Oh! Orasmin, what a conflict hast thou raised in my bosom! My wife and child! knowest thou any thing of them?" Orasmin smiled contemptuously. "Speak, only say if thou knowest aught of them!"—"I will say nothing,"



nothing," replied he; "uncertainty will ease thy pangs. Prepare for death! Slaves!" The door of the dungeon burst open, and presented to their view Mustapha, Ibrahim, and Amine! "Secure that fiend!" cried the Sultan and instantly Orasmin was loaded with chains. Ali and Amine were lying senseless in each others arms; Orasmin assumed a desperate sullenness; the Sultan and Ibrahim surveyed the whole in silence. "Alla! Alla!" repeated the reviving Ali; "thou art merciful! thou art merciful!"—"My dear lord," interrupted Amine, "dreary have been the hours since we parted! O hear my justification! While walking by the sea-side, a band of men, masked, beset me; and, forcing me on a horse, carried me, blindfolded, I knew not where; for, when suffered to remove the bandage, I was alone, in a mean, gloomy apartment the door of which was secured. There have I remained, in vain lamenting my fate; ignorant of my oppressor; and seeing no one, except a slave, who put my food through a lattice daily, but never spoke; till this night I heard the voice of Orasmin in a tone of threatening. I listened; and discovered, that he was compelling that generous youth, Ibrahim, to write a treasonous letter in characters like yours.

When I found Orasmin was gone, I entreated  
the

the youth to liberate me: instantly he opened a door into my apartment, so artfully contrived, that I had never before observed it. I told him who I was, and begged him again to deliver me. He was shocked; confirmed what I had over-heard, and promised to protect me. He discovered with indignation, that he himself was also a prisoner. After a long deliberation, and many fruitless attempts to force the door, at the peril of our lives, we escaped by a window into the garden. Here we had fresh difficulties to encounter, and the fourth watch passed before we were quite at liberty.

“ We soon learned that you was imprisoned. Flying to the palace, our gracious Sultan admitted us to an audience, when we convinced him of the villainy of thy false friend.”—“ And, behold me,” interrupted the Sultan, “ ready to do thee justice, Ali; and inflict on that wretch the punishment which he had prepared for thee; for, by Alla’s self I swear, this night is his last!”—My fate is just!” said Orasmin, in a tone of penitence. “ But, before I die, let me make what reparation is in my power to the man I have injured. Behold, Ali, in Ibrahim, I restore thee thy long-lost son!” Extreme was the astonishment of all; and the rapture of Ali and Amine induced them to kneel for a  
pardon

pardon for the culprit. "Ask not a pardon," said Orasmin, "which must soon be repented! I stole thy child solely for the purposes of revenge; though fortune never, till now, gave me an opportunity of making use of him equal to my wishes; and, to make him the source of his father's death, was a stroke worthy the noblest policy of vengeance. Thou hast escaped me; but, to give him thus kindly, were an inequality of soul, poor indeed! No; I have pangs for thee yet in store, the thought of which makes the contemplation of death and tortures pleasant to me. I only revealed him to thee, to make thee feel the curses of lasting separation. The mother once disdained the offer I made of my hand; it was my intention, therefore, to have kept her ignorant of her persecutor, languishing till grief and despair removed her from my reach; but the boy had answered the end I designed him for: I wanted him no more; and, at liberty, he might have betrayed me. For security, I gave him poison in sherbet; and thought, even had he got free, so strong it was, that it would have worked faster than his conscience!"—"The vengeance be on thine own head!" cried Ibrahim; "for it was thyself who drank the poison. I saw thee drop something in the draught intended for me; and, unseen by thee, changed the cups." "I feel it! I feel it!" exclaimed the frantick Orasmin.

"min. Curse on thee, Mahomet! thou hast frustrated all!"—Hence with him!" said Mustapha. And then led Amine and Ibrahim out of the prison. By permission of the Sultan, Ibrahim was united to Almeria; and the participation of her husband's honours, who was restored to his viziership, amply recompenced Amine for all her sorrows. An exemplary instance of gratitude towards Alla and the Sultan—towards the latter, by faithful counsel, and steady attachment to his interest; and, towards the former, by an uniform course of piety, and a conscientious dispensation of justice and benevolence to his fellow subjects, Ali lived long beloved, and happy. As it is written in the sacred tablets of Truth—"The righteous shall dwell in the tents of gladness, and the merciful in the gardens of peace: while the wicked shall be covered with shame; and the envious man shall be consumed in the fire which he kindleth for his neighbour."

ANEC-





## A N E C D O T E

OF

Dr. J O H N S O N.

THE Doctor being called abruptly from a friend's house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said, he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within, while the bailiffs beset him without;—that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel, which when finished was to be his whole fortune, but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it for sale. Dr. Johnson, therefore set away the bottle, and went to the Bookseller, recommending the performance, and desiring some immediate relief, which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment. The Novel was the charming Vicar of Wakefield.

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A PRAYER for BRITAIN.

GREAT source of life! eternal God!  
At whose omnipotent command,

L 1

Th'

Th' avenging angel weilds thy rod,  
And spreads destruction through the land :  
Empires, and states, are nothing in thy fight;  
By thee they rise—or sink in endless night!

Thou dwell'ft retir'd, in awful state !  
Tremendous glories veil thy throne :  
War and disease thy pleasure wait,  
Swift wing'd to make thy anger known.  
While pestilence, and earthquakes, at thy call,  
Dread sons of vengeance! seize this earthly ball.

When man would raise his feeble arm,  
Against the ruler of the sky ;  
Thy terrors and thy judgments warn  
The wretch who dares, “ Shall surely die !”  
Tho' high exalted, on bright Mercy's seat,  
Sins unrepented must with justice meet.

Benignant view this favour'd isle,  
Thy guardian care, supremely blest'd;  
Avert thy threaten'd wrath, awhile;  
Here let the olive sweetly rest.  
May mercy shewn and judgment long forborne,  
Teach us, in dust, our num'rous sins to mourn !  
But if thy anger we despise,  
And idly mock its long delay ;  
Forth from thy throne stern vengeance flies,  
Eager thy mandates to obey :

While

While famine, war, and elements combine,  
The executioners of wrath divine !

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### SONNET to LOVE.

**T**HOUGH doom'd alas! to shed th' unpiti'd  
tear,  
And breathe unheard the sigh that rends my  
breast ;  
Though ne'er the seraph voice of Hope I hear,  
Soft whisp'ring to my anguish'd bosom—"Rest!"  
Yet dear to me, too dear, O Love! the sighs,  
That with expressive pow'r my sorrows speak ;  
The tear that, stealing from my languid eyes,  
Slow wanders down my rapid fading cheek.  
While yet on earth I sadly ling'ring stay,  
The tear, the sigh, by thee inspir'd, be mine ;  
Still from my bosom keep the fiend away,  
Whose sullen influence chills the flame divine ;  
Lord of my soul ! I would not give thy woes,  
For the cold, lifeless calm, which Apathy be-  
stows!

*Wisdom & Goodness of Providence*

Display'd in several curious Observations

## On FISHES and BIRDS.

**W**HAT abundance of Fish do the waters produce, of every size? But as they devour one another, how can these watery inhabitants subsist? God has provided for it, by multiplying them in a prodigious manner, and making the weak race swifter in their course than the others. They creep into places where the low water will not admit of the larger fish, and it seems as if they had foresight given them in proportion to their weakness and danger. Whence comes it, that the fish live in the midst of waters so loaded with salt, that we cannot bear a drop of them in our mouths, and enjoy there a perfect vigour and health? And how do they preserve in the midst of salt, a flesh that has not the least taste of it?

Why do the best, and such as are most fit for the use of man, draw near the coasts, to offer themselves in a manner to him; whilst a great many others, which are useless to him, affect remoteness from him?

Why



Why do those, who keep themselves in unknown places, whilst they multiply and acquire a certain bulk come in shoals at a particular time to invite the fishermen, and throw themselves in a manner into their nets and boats?

Why do several of them, and of the best kinds, enter the mouths of rivers and run up even to their springs, to communicate the advantages of the sea to such counties as lie at a distance from it? And what hand conducts them with so much care and goodness towards man, but thine, O Lord? though so visible a providence seldom occasions their acknowledgment.

As to Birds, we see a surprizing imitation of reason in several animals, but it no where appears in a more sensible manner than in the industry of these creatures in building their nests.

What master has taught them that they have need of them? Who has taken care to inform them to prepare them in time, and not to suffer themselves to be prevented by necessity? Who has told them how they should build them? What mathematician has given them the figure of them? What architect has taught them to chuse a firm place, and to build upon a solid foundation? What tender mother has advised them to cover  
the

the bottom with a soft and delicate substance, such as down and cotton? And, when these matters fail, who has suggested to them that ingenious charity; which leads them to pluck off so many feathers from their own breasts with their beaks, as is requisite for the preparing a cradle for their young?

What wisdom has pointed out to every distinct kind a peculiar manner of building their nests, so as to observe the same precautions, though in a thousand different ways? Who has commanded the swallow, the skilfullest of birds, to draw near to man, and make choice of his house for the building of his nest, within his view, without fear of his knowing it, and seeming rather to invite him to a consideration of his labour? Neither does he build, like other birds with little bits of stick and stubble, but employs cement and mortar, and in so solid a manner, that it requires some pains to demolish its work; and yet in all this it makes use of no other instrument but its beak. Reduce, if it is possible, the ablest architect to the small bulk of a swallow, leave him all his knowledge and only a beak, and see if he will have the same skill, and the like success.

Who

Who has made all the birds comprehend, that they must hatch their eggs by sitting upon them. That this necessity was indispensable? That the father and mother could not leave them at the same time, and that if one went abroad to seek for food, the other must wait till it returns? Who has fixed in the calendar the express number of days this painful diligence is to last? Who has advertised them to assist the young, that are already formed in coming out of the egg, by first breaking the shell? And who has so exactly instructed them in the very moment before which they never come?

Who has given lessons to all the birds upon the care they ought to take of their young, till such a time as they are grown up, and in a condition to provide for themselves? Who has made them to distinguish such things as agree well with one species, but are prejudicial to another? And amongst such as are proper to the parents and unfit for the young, who has made them to distinguish such as are salutary? We know the tenderness of mothers and the carefulness of nurses amongst mankind, but I question whether ever it came up to what we see in these little creatures.

Who has taught several among the birds that marvellous industry of retaining food or water in the gullet, without swallowing either the one or the other,

other, and preserving them for their young, to whom this first preparation serves instead of milk?

Let us now hearken a little to the concert of their music, the first praise which God received from nature, and the first song of thanksgiving which was offered to him before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all harmonious, and altogether compose a choir, which men have but sorrowfully imitated. One voice, however, more strong and melodious, is distinguished among the rest, and I find upon enquiry, from whence it comes, that it is a very small bird which is the organ of it. This leads me to consider all the rest of the singing tribe, and they also are all small; the great ones being either wholly ignorant of music, or having a disagreeable voice. Thus I every where find, that what seems weak and small, has the best destination, and the most gratitude. Some of these little birds are extremely beautiful, nor can any thing be more rich or variegated than their feathers; but it must be owned that all ornament must give place to the finery of the peacock, upon which God has plentifully bestowed all the riches which set off the rest, and lavished upon it, with gold and azure, all the shades of every other colour. But this most pompous bird of all has a most disagreeable cry, and is a proof, that with a  
shining



shining outside there may be but a sorry substance within, little gratitude, and a great deal of vanity.

In examining the feathers of the rest, I find one thing very singular in those of the swans, and other river fowls; for they are proof against the water, and continue always dry, and yet our eyes do not discover either the artifice or difference of them.

I look upon the feet of the same birds, and observe webs there, which distinctly mark their destination. But I am much astonished to see these birds so sure, that they run no hazard by throwing themselves into the water; whereas others, to whom God has not given the like feathers or feet, are never so rash as to expose themselves to it.

Who has told the former that they run no danger, and who keeps back the others from following their example? It is not unusual to set duck eggs under a hen, which in this case is deceived by her affection, and takes a foreign brood for her natural offspring; that run to the water as soon as they come out of the shell; nor can their pretended mother prevent them by her repeated calls. She stands upon the brink in astonishment at their rashness, and still more at the success of it. She finds herself violently tempted to follow them, and warmly expresses her impatience; but nothing is

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capable

capable of carrying her to an indiscretion which God has prohibited. The spectators are surprized at it; but it is rare that they learn, from this example, that it is necessary to be destined by Providence to discharge the functions of a dangerous state, and to receive from it all that is requisite for our security; and that it is fatal rashness for others to venture upon it, who have neither the same vocation, nor the same talents.

I shall content myself with one observation more, which takes in several others, and relates to birds of passage. They have all their allotted times, which they do not exceed; but this time is not the same for every species. Some wait for the winter, others the spring; some the summer, and others the autumn. There is amongst every sort a public and general rule of government, which guides and retains every single bird in its duty. Before the general edict, there is not one thinks of departing: after its publication, there is no one tarries behind. A kind of council fixes the day, and grants a certain time to prepare for it; after which they all take their flight, and so ~~emerge~~ to their discipline, that the next day there is not a straggler or deserter to be found. Now I ask, what news they have received from the countries whither they go, to be assured that they shall find

find all things there prepared for their reception? I ask why they do not keep, like other birds, to the country where they have brought up their young which have been so kindly treated in it? By what disposition to travel does this new brood, which knows no other than its native country, conspire all at once to quit it? In what language is the ordinance published, which forbids all, both old and new subjects of the republic, to tarry beyond a certain day? And lastly, by what signs do the principal magistrates know that they should run an extreme hazard in exposing themselves to be prevented by a rigorous season? What other answer can be given to these questions, than that of the prophet,—*O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!*

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## H O P E,

*The Comforter of our Lives.*

**A**CCURATE observation will most evidently shew, with all the high value which we set on possessions and enjoyments, that Hope is the chief animater, comforter and sweetener of our lives.

Life may not unaptly be compared with the pursuit of an *Ignis fatuus*, or in other words a deception, in what regards this world at least, of perfect happiness or contentment; neither of which was ever found, or at most experienced with long duration. As we gradually tire of every thing, so we at last tire of ourselves; for old age is sure to deprive us of our faculties for rightly judging, or else creates in our minds wishes to be released from its grievous burthens and infirmities.

Trite are the observations, that infants who are eager after toys, soon grow weary of the possession of them, and then with satisfaction destroy what they were so anxious to obtain: that as soon as reason dawn in children, they look forward from a state of constraint to a state of liberty, for happiness; & when years have given them an entire power over themselves, it becomes one of their first views to curtail, if not sacrifice it; from hopes of being made more happy by depending for comforts and enjoyments upon others.

Having been influenced by love to hazard, if not resign, part of that liberty which they had so much wished for as the first of blessings; a new field opens for hope, in the attainment of riches, honours, fame, or a variety of enjoyments in a variety



riety of pleasures; which they really make busi-  
nesses of, for the sake of killing that time which  
they think they have no occasion to improve.  
But in no one state do they appear satisfied with  
what they are in possession of, but continue to  
look forward, and find their principal comfort in  
hoping for something more or better; which fa-  
culty leads them on through delusions to the last,  
and never resigns them but to satiety, despair, or  
death.

It was a very natural answer that was said to be  
given by an eminent merchant of the last age, to one  
who asked him what sum of money a man ought to  
be contented with? when he replied, "A little  
more than what he has." For it was founded on  
this practical truth, that habitual pursuits can have  
no satisfactory end, as men, long used to busy life,  
are incapable of happiness in the most affluent state  
of indolence. Hence it is, that mens minds which  
have been long habituated to strong pursuits, on  
the view of quitting them to become most happy,  
are sure to find in the end, that their greatest hap-  
piness depends on never quitting them at all.  
The man who sets off with contemplative life, may  
make it as comfortable to him as any one can do  
his, who plunges into business, or who immerses  
himself in what he may call pleasures, but what  
another

another will deem toils : and which is indeed the most toilsome life, it may be hard to determine, of the sportsman, the trader, the warrior, the courtier, or the man of science, or studious contemplation. Habit mixes pleasure and principally the pleasure which hope furnishes, with fatigue, vexation, mortification, and occasional disappointment, in every one of these modes of life : but when they are become habitual, there is a great hazard, from changing them, of losing all happiness.

Alexander, when he had conquered the world, is said to have wept at the unhappiness of not having more worlds to conquer. And if Pyrrhus had lived to accomplish that scheme of ambition which was to prepare him for contentment, it is reasonable to imagine he would have found himself full as much unqualified as Alexander did, for the enjoyment of leisure and his bottle. The same habitude in bustle, influences old statesmen to drudge on in business, and old courtiers to dangle under their loads of encumbering finery, in the servilities of office. Traders who quit business often return to it again, or at least find themselves constrained for enjoyment to keep lingering about its scenes : nor has the compleat sportsman any resource, when age disqualifies him for his habitual pursuits,

pursuits, but in the conversations of associates on their field exploits and his own, on those jolly carousals with which he finishes his course ; while the man of painful study continues sequestered in his closet, in pursuit of enquiries which are endless but with life.

Human life like air and water, becomes baneful by being stagnant. There must be action, or employment for its preservation, and that action and employment can only be stimulated by some kind of hope : and as a hope of any acquisition implies an incompleteness of possession, we may truly say, what at one time or another we are all sure to discover, that there is not, nor can be, any perfect happiness, or satisfaction of desires upon earth : and as hope is the last faculty that can possibly leave us, nay is the only faculty that, while we continue with reason, should never desert us, because it naturally ought, must, will, and does extend to another life, it certainly may be pronounced, our most solid enjoyment, and only lasting comfort ; and from a contemplation of the incomprehensible divine nature, our own admirable faculties, so seemingly capable of perfection, its own inseparable adherence to the powers of our minds, and its irresistibly impelling of our views towards another, it may be considered as the  
strongest

strongest natural evidence we can have of our existence in a future and lasting state, in which that perfection of happiness may be found, of which this life is incapable.

Youth is a vigorous and delightful state, full of fond hopes for this life, which barren age, from the long experience of disappointments, convinces us were all vain, except that permanent one, which as it roots in a life consciously well-spent, and a contemplation of the perfections of a divine Being, which are fully evidenced by all his works. Thus does this admirable faculty, in its purest operation, survive all earthly enjoyments and worldly desires. It cherishes us under our afflictions and infirmities, and comforts us even in the awful scene of death. So that however delusive it may be with regard to the imperfect delights and fleeting joys of this world, it is still our last abiding friend, our best promiser, and the surest guide we can have to the fuller enjoyments of a life that must be as compleat in its duration, as it will be in its felicity.



THE



## The MERCENARY LOVER:

## A MORAL TALE.

WHEN a woman of fortune happens to look with very favourable eyes (no uncommon case) upon a man much inferior to her, though a gentleman, in his circumstances, she naturally wishes to see an equal degree of inclination in him to be united to her for life; to see her passion for him sincerely returned.—Such a woman, however, is often afraid to give the man to whom her heart is partial, encouragement, from an apprehension that he may be ready to avail himself of her prepossessions in his behalf, merely to improve his affairs, without feeling the slightest personal regard for her. These wishes and these apprehensions are natural; and if the latter are predominant, the removal of them cannot but be desirable, for the accomplishment of the former.

The woman in the above supposed situation certainly acts with prudence, by putting the affection of her lover to the test before she consents to be bound to him with the cords of matrimony. If ever dissimulation is pardonable, it is upon such an occasion; and she who has recourse to it, will rather deserve pity than censure, should her test be attended with disappointment.

Raised to a sphere of life in which she never expected to shine from the humility of her birth, and the straitness of her father's finances, Emilia Linton enjoyed her large fortune like a woman of spirit, and did not, in the enjoyment of it, lose sight of discretion. Having no relations, no persons of either sex nearly enough related to her to controul her actions, to talk to her in a didactic style, to direct her conduct, the discretion which she discovered was the more remarkable, and the more to be commended, when she came into the possession of it. The propriety of her behaviour in every shape, was observed with pleasure by all who had a real esteem for her; by those among her female friends, who longed to make the same figure in the world, and who remembered her inferior to themselves, with pain. Envy may, doubtless, be called pain; and they who are disturbed with this meanest of the human passions, may feelingly exclaim with the jealous Moor.

“Farewell, the tranquil mind! Farewell, content!”

Without beauty, without bright parts, without any dazzling accomplishments, without any airs to set herself off to advantage, Emilia pleased. Though not handsome, she was far from being ugly; and though she had not an acute, yet she had a solid understanding.

understanding. Smart expressions never dropped from her lips, but for sensible ones she had yielded not to the most sensible of her sex. Her manners were winning, her observations were judicious, and her conduct was exemplary.

Emilia was not, it may be imagined, from this sketch of her character, without followers. She had even admirers too. The majority of those, indeed, who paid their addresses to her, were attracted by her fortune: there were some, however, whom she could not rank, as they were in superior circumstances, among the fortune hunting train.

She received all the attentions of those who crowded about her at every public place, with the greatest politeness: but that politeness was general; she gave not one of them reason to imagine, by any particular distinctions, that he had made the smallest impression upon her heart. Her heart, indeed, was not affected by any of the speeches which were addressed to her ears. Thoroughly acquainted, from the extensiveness of her observation, with the precise value of the compliments lavished upon her, she considered them as counters on a card table, serviceable to those who had tricks, but of no intrinsic worth.

In the suite of Emelia's admirers, one man at length appeared, who seemed to be more studious than his competitors to be noticed by her. Of this man she, at first, saw the assiduities with no particular emotions, but she felt herself in a little while so much flattered by them, that she could hardly help shewing in her face what passed in her bosom concerning him. In proportion to the encrease of his attention to her, was the encrease of her partiality to him; and she began, in a short time, to wish that he would make his addresses to her in form. Fearful of betraying her feelings by her looks, and of being considered by her lover as a woman ready to fall into his hands, without giving him the trouble of putting the previous question to her, she could not bear the idea of having her features translated in that manner, and therefore, did all in her power to suppress sensations which might, she imagined occasion constructions not much to the credit of her understanding, though in no way injurious to her honour.

The man in whose favour Emelia felt her heart a little agitated, was a gentleman by birth, and had been genteely educated; but his fortune not being answerable to his desires, he had been for some time looking out for a woman in a situation to improve it. However, though a lucrative marriage was



was the chief object of his attention, he was not quite of so mercenary a disposition as to wish to enrich himself with a woman whom he abhorred, with whom he could have no prospect of being tolerably happy in the domestic state. To engage Miss Linton's affections, he was the most solicitous, as he really believed, from the apparent sweetness of her temper, and the goodness of her heart, that he should, by marrying her, with the enlargement of his fortune, gain a considerable addition to his happiness. Animated by all those motives, he redoubled his assiduities, and, having drawn very favourable conclusions, one day, in a conversation with Emilia, gave pretty strong hints that it was in her power to make him the happiest of men.

The hint was not thrown away upon Emilia; but she behaved upon that occasion with the propriety which she had discovered upon every other, and without departing in the least from her character as a woman of fortune, a woman of sense, and a woman of virtue. Fully satisfied—more than satisfied—charmed with her behaviour, he took his leave, and left her not less pleased with the deportment of her lover.

When she came to reflect, however, upon the encouragement which she had given to Boothby, she

she began to think that she had been too hasty, and, in consequence of a retrospect of her behaviour, determined to make use of stratagem, in order to find out if her lover had a sincere personal regard for her, independent of her fortune; or if he only counterfeited a passion which he did not feel, with a view to increase his income.

While Emilia was considering in what manner she should conduct her new scheme, Boothby was enjoying, by anticipation, the splendid style of life in which he was resolv'd to appear, as soon as he became master of the wealth which hung temptingly in his sight, and just within his grasp.

Flushed with the success he had met with, upon the disclosure of his passion for a woman to whom many of his rivals, with better incomes than he had, looked up with a kind of reverential awe, (either deterred by diffidence, occasioned by the disproportion in their circumstances, or a pride which would not let them risk the disgrace,) he triumphed over those rivals, but not with all the decency of a politic conqueror: exhibited too many marks of exultation, and pushed his raillery so far one day, against the least formidable of them, who had been on the point of breaking through his natural modesty, (having no pride to restrain him,) that he provoked him to return an  
answer

answer not easily to be digested. "What do you mean by that, Sir?" said Boothby. "What do I mean by that, Sir," replied his adversary in a taunting tone!

These interrogations would have, perhaps, produced a duel, had not their swords been kept peaceably in their scabbards by the interposition of their surrounding friends: they even shook hands, and declared themselves perfectly reconciled; but Boothby was not reconciled to his antagonist in his heart; his impertinent doubts, with regard to his marriage with Miss Linton, were painfully remembered.

When Boothby went to his Emelia, to put the last hand to the preparations for their union, he found her weeping over a letter. Struck at the sight of her in so unexpected a situation, he flew to her with all the eagerness of a sympathising lover, and begged to know what had happened to throw her into such a distressful condition.

Instead of returning a verbal answer she gave him the letter. The perusal of it shocked him extremely, by informing him that his mistress, had, by a capital bankruptcy, lost the greatest part of her fortune,

After

After a long pause, (during which Emelia contrived to watch every turn of his countenance without being perceived,) he told her plainly that he could not afford to marry a woman without money, and he should only injure her, as well as himself, by making her his wife. "Mighty well, Sir!" replied she, bursting into a laugh, "you shall never be injured by me."

By this sudden change in Emelia, Boothby was extremely disconcerted: but when he found that the letter was a forged one, merely to try the sincerity of his passion, he was almost ready to hang himself.—Never was there a Mercenary Lover more completely mortified.

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## A N E C D O T E

OF

Dr. B R O W N.

**B**ISHOP WARBURTON quarrelled with his great adulator and friend the ingenious Dr. Brown, of Newcastle, because he differed with him in opinion respecting the worship the Old Ægyptians paid to animals. Warburton told a friend of Brown's, that he would gladly see him again,



again, and make it up with him, provided he would not mention the subject in dispute between them in conversation. Brown said, that he could not bear to be prevented from conversing upon any proper subject, and never saw him afterwards.

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“ *MANY THINGS FALL OUT*  
BETWEEN THE  
*CUP AND THE LIP.*”

**H**AS been supposed to take its origin from one of Penelope's wooers being shot as he was going to drink. But it arose as Ainsworth has it, thus: “A King of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he, the King, should never taste of the wine produced in it. The king disregarded the prophecy, and when at an entertainment he held the cup full of his own wine, he sent for this slave, and asked him insultingly what he thought of his prophecy now? The slave only answered, “*Multa inter pocula ac labia cadunt.*” Scarce had he spoke, when news was brought that an huge boar was laying his vineyard waste. The King rose in a fury, attacked the boar, and was killed without ever tasting the wine.

## A N E C D O T E

OF

## EARL SANDWICH &amp; SIR E. HUGHES.

**S**IR Edward, it is known, before his appointment as Commander in Chief on the Indian station, had little money and many debts. He obtained that appointment by the friendship of the Earl of Sandwich.

Upon his return, after many suitable testimonies of respect, he seized one moment of cordiality to extort from the Earl a promise, that whatever he should ask should not be refused, if it could be granted. He asked accordingly a list of his Lordships debts. They amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, which the grateful seaman paid, believing that he had thus made a new man of his patron.

But it was not so. The Earl did not shew all his debts; and what he kept back was enough to begin a fresh list; the inconveniences of which harrassed the latter years of a life, more to be pitied than condemned.

AN

## HYMN to CONTENTMENT.

**L** OVELY, lasting peace of mind,  
 Sweet delight of human kind;  
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,  
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky,  
 With more of happiness below,  
 Than victors in a triumph know;  
 Whither, oh? whither, art thou fled,  
 To lay thy meek contented head?  
 What happy regions dost thou please,  
 To make the seat of charms and ease?  
 Ambition searches all its sphere  
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there;  
 Increasing avarice would find  
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd;  
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
 Thro' rocks, amidst the foaming sea,  
 To gain thy love, and then perceives  
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
 The silent heart, which grief affails,  
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;  
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
 And seeks, as I have vainly done,  
 Amusing thought; but learns to know,  
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found  
 In trailing purple on the ground ;  
 Or in a soul, exalted high,  
 To range the circuit of the sky ;  
 converse with stars above, and know  
 All nature in its forms below.  
 The rest it seeks—in seeking dies,  
 And doubts, at last, for knowledge rise,  
 'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
 I sung my wishes to the wood ;  
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
 The branches whisper'd as they wav'd ;  
 It seem'd as all the quiet place,  
 Confess'd the presence of the grace,  
 When thus she spoke, “ Go, rule thy will,  
 Bid thy wild passions all be still ;  
 Know God, and bring thy heart to know  
 The joys which from religion flow.  
 Then every grace shall prove its guest,  
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.”  
 Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,  
 In my hours of sweet retreat,  
 Might I thus my soul employ,  
 With sense of gratitude and joy ?  
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were  
 In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r ;  
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
 Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone,

Then



Then while the gardens take my sight,  
 With all the colours of delight,  
 While silver water glide along,  
 To please my ear and court my song,  
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
 And thee, great source of nature, sing!  
 The sun, that walks his airy way,  
 To light the world, and give the day;  
 The moon, that shines with borrow'd light,  
 The stars, that glad the gloomy night.  
 The seas, that roll unnumber'd waves,  
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;  
 The field, whose ears conceal the grain,  
 The yellow treasure of the plain;  
 All of these, and all I see  
 Should be sung, and sung by me;  
 They speak their Maker as they can,  
 But want, and ask, the tongue of man.  
 Go search among your idle dreams,  
 Your busy or your vain extremes,  
 And find a life of equal bliss,  
 Or own the next begun in this.

AN



## ESSAY on INDUSTRY.

*All is the Gift of INDUSTRY, whate'er  
Exalts embellishes, and renders Life delightful.*

THE poet has so remarkably, nay inimitably, set forth the beauties of industry, that it is, perhaps, but a weak attempt to elucidate the subject; but as idleness is named the child of sloth, so industry should prompt men, by the labour of their hands and faculties, to the attainment of a sufficiency, to render their lives as comfortable as possible, through this passage of mortality.

But as man is placed here under the eye of an all-seeing Providence, beneath the inspection of Omniscience itself, he should be extremely careful to obtain nothing but what an honest industry may allot him; whatever methods are pursued, to accomplish lucrative designs, that bear any contrast to this, will, in no wise, render the enjoyment delightful, but sadly embitter, and give a false taste to enjoyment itself.

We should be much upon our guard not to deviate from this principle, if we expect peace at the last; for as the attainments and acquisitions of such an industry as the poet speaks of, may have

a very happy effect in the relish of such good things, which the bountifulness of providence has thus bestowed, in implanting a suitable return of gratitude to the wise giver, and an universal benevolence towards mankind, these are the just and equitable returns of a feeling mind. A mind thus ennobled, thus qualified, must possess very different reflections from such as have by oppression and injustice accumulated to themselves ill-gotten wealth, a sort of riches that carry with them their own sting, and serve but to enhance the remorse of their possessor.

The industrious labourer contented in his humble cot with the fruits of his labour, is happier,—far happier, with a small portion to furnish his table, than the luxurious, where fashion and extravagance decorate the same.

The industrious man has a sensible, pleasing relish of his labours, which the indolent and inactive cannot possibly partake of. As he knows the fatigues of acquiring, so the pleasures of enjoying must necessarily be his just compensation.

A competency, acquired by industry must be more permanent, and give greater satisfaction than any other, and a little thus got is commonly seen the more lasting.

If

If sentiments of industry were properly cultivated, universally understood, and as happily received, the errors of a bewitching covetousness on the one hand, and its opposite, a luxurious prodigality on the other, would, in a great measure, be avoided, and render a medium of circumstances the most desirable, and the having a sufficiency would learn us to be content.

Industry is a virtue calculated by providence as a fit employ for man, provided it be attended to with due restrictions as not to forget the weightier matters of futurity.

Will it not rather increase and add to our piety and devotion? For he who by intemperance and other follies is rendered unfit for the necessary callings of his daily necessities, perhaps, is an object as unfit and disqualified to render the services and duties required of him to the author of his being.

Many, by adhering to the proper rules of industry, have been happily preserved from dangers and difficulties, which would otherwise befall them, as well as from the distresses of abject poverty. It is not my intention to make any remarks on the different orders of men, which, undoubtedly, are intended for wise purposes, to create an emulation amongst all degrees by industry, that all would re-  
member



member the wise saying, "Go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise." The very insects and creatures innumerable have this instinct of making provision against the hapless and approaching period of want.

Poverty is but too universally known, therefore a picture of its miseries, is superfluous and unnecessary; but, indeed the fate of men is so diversified here, that all are not to enjoy an equality; but how many more might if industry were properly attended to? and a little attained by it "will exalt, embellish, and render life delightful."

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## ANECDOTE

OF

## WHISTON.

THE celebrated Whiston dining with Lady Jekyll, sister to Lord Somers; she asked him why God Almighty made woman out of the rib? Whiston, after reflecting a moment, replied—"Indeed my Lady, I don't know; except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

ANEC.

P p

## A N E C D O T E

O F

*J O H N II. of P O R T U G A L.*

**T**HE Duke of Viseu, at the head of a discontented party, conspired against the life of John the Second of Portugal. His Majesty having escaped the hand of the assassin three times, sent for the Duke and walked with him in a garden, where he conversed with him on the relative duty of the king and the subject; and at the end put this emphatical question to him. "What wouldst thou do to the man who attempted to take away thy life?" to which the Duke answered, "I would take his first if I could." "Then verily," said the king, "As Nathan said to David, thou art the man," and immediately plunged a dagger into his breast.

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**E D W A R D and M A T I L D A.**

**A**T the age of twenty-two, Mrs. Falkland being left a widow, with an only daughter, retired into the country, that she might devote her future life to the education of her Matilda; an  
employ

employ she was well qualified to undertake, as she joined to the accomplished lady a well improved mind, and an elegant understanding.

Under the tuition of such a mother, Matilda made a rapid progress in every branch of useful and ornamental knowledge; but unhappily for her, Mrs. Falkland was determined to raise the declining fortunes of her family by a profitable marriage.

The beauty and accomplishments of Matilda, who had now reached her seventeenth year, were the topick of conversation among all the neighbouring gentlemen, and many offered themselves as candidates for her affection. In this number was Edward Stanly, the only son of a gentleman who lived near the mother of Matilda. He possessed a fortune sufficiently above the reach of want; was handsome in figure, and elegant in address. These however, were his least important qualities—his temper was open and generous; his mind well stored with useful learning, and gifted with every virtue that dignifies the nature of man. He had long admired Matilda. There seemed to be, in her, a mind above “the level of the vulgar great.” She had also been an attentive observer of Edward; and discovered, in him, a dispo-

fition, and education much superior to that of any other gentleman. Mr. Stanly was, what every country Gentleman should be, a man of real sense, and sound morals. He had bestowed the greatest care in educating his son, and had the abundant satisfaction to see the blessings of Heaven attend his endeavours. He often admired the great understanding of Mrs. Falkland, and the amiable character of her daughter; as persons possessed of far more sense and accomplishments, than many to whom Providence had given abundance of wealth, and bestowed greater means of improvement. He had commenced an acquaintance with Mrs. Falkland; and it was at these little interviews the flame of love caught the heart of Edward. He was no longer the same; the rose of health, which before bloomed in his countenance, forsook his cheek; he was never happy, but in the company of Matilda. She saw the anguish which distracted his heart, and often the tear of pity stole down her cheek when conversing with him. But she well knew her mother's determination; and reflected that, by encouraging a hopeless attachment, she would only bring misery on both. She revealed to her mother the situation of Edward; and desired, as the only remedy, she might be sent to London, to try whether absence would not obliterate her from his mind.

The



The departure of Matilda was carefully concealed from Edward. After waiting three days, in hopes of seeing her, his anxiety could be no longer sustained. He ventured to enquire whither she was gone; and could ill conceal his agitation, at the information. "To London!" says he; and when will she return?"—"Not these two months," replied Mrs. Falkland. "Two months!" exclaimed Edward, and rushed out of the room.

He begged of his father to let him go to London for a few days. Mr. Stanly would have granted any thing else. "No, my dear Edward," said he; "I cannot consent that you should mix in those scenes of riot and dissipation with which that city abounds, without a proper guide to steer your course. I intend shortly to go thither myself, and you may accompany me." Edward thanked his father with a heavy heart; who never guessed the reason of his son's demand.

Matilda returned; and he embraced the earliest opportunity of paying his respects. She received him with such indifference, as shot a dagger through his heart. He parted from her, nearly in a state of madness; sleep fled his pillow and he passed the night almost bordering on despair.

But

But the ensuing day fully explained the fatal cause of her behaviour. An elegant carriage, with four horses, appeared at Mrs. Falkland's door, accompanied with a proportionable number of attendants in splendid liveries. Lord Oglethorpe was ushered in, as the lover of Matilda.

Edward scarcely believed what he saw. He took particular care to review his Lordship, as he entered his coach, and gave him a look of merited contempt: his Lordship was the very effence of a *modern beau*: too fine to be a man.

During a month, Lord Oglethorpe paid the genteelest attention to Matilda; he then solicited her hand. Mrs. Falkland elated to the very pinnacle of imaginary blifs, would now hardly own acquaintance with Mr. Stanly; who foresaw with infinite concern, the ruin of her daughter. But all his friendly cautions were treated with disdain.

At length, the day was fixed; when Matilda, by marrying a nobleman, would crown the height of her mother's ambition.

Edward had been diligent to gain every information concerning Lord Oglethorpe; and the arrival of a gentleman from London, who came on a visit to his father, afforded an opportunity.

Mr.

Mr. Melville was the son of an eminent merchant in the city; a youth of a virtuous mind, and liberal education; by him, he learned that his lordship possessed a plentiful portion of riches; and this was all, for he had neither understanding or virtue. Edward perceived, in the mind of Melville, a congeniality of sentiments with his own, and determined to make him the friend of his youth. He related to him the whole of his love for Matilda, and her intended union with Lord Oglethorpe; then asked his advice concerning his future conduct.

Mr. Melville advised him to go some distance from home, during the nuptials, as the spectacle would be too painful for his feelings; but first to obtain an interview with Matilda, and know how far her inclinations were in unison with her intended marriage. If he should find it impossible to see her before he departed, to write a letter which he would engage she should receive.

Edward used every means in his power to gain admission to Matilda. Finding all his efforts vain, he wrote the following letter.

“ I am about to leave my father’s house, to avoid a sight of all others the most dreadful to me. What can you think ! Surely the elegant mind of  
Matilda

Matilda can never be dazzled by the trappings of wealth and splendour ! Can you ever esteem a man destitute of every quality that adorns the human mind ? or is it the false ambition of a mother, who would barter her daughter's happiness for wealth, and a title ? You may never see me more ! I have loved you tenderly. But, alas ! who could behold such a mind, such a form, and not fall a martyr to their charms ! Let the tear of pity follow him, who can never cease to love you.

EDWARD STANLEY."

He left this letter with his friend ; who faithfully delivered it to Matilda, the morning preceding their nuptials. The un auspicious morn now arrived, when Matilda was to fall a victim to her mother's power. The ceremony was performed by his lordship's chaplain, at her mother's house ; after which, they departed to a house belonging to a relation of Lord Oglethorpe's, some miles farther in the country.

Three weeks passed, with all apparent happiness ; when, one morning, his lordship, pretending some urgent business, set off to London, promising a speedy return. A week had elapsed, in the greatest anxiety, when Matilda received the following letter.

" I



" I WILL no longer keep you in suspense— You are not my wife! the person who performed the marriage ceremony was not a clergyman, but hired to fulfil that office. I was astonished that you could believe my intentions serious, or suppose a nobleman would marry a girl whose only portion was her merit. The person at whose house you are, is no relation of mine. If you will consent to live with me *a life of honour*, every advantage love and riches can afford are yours.

" OGLETHORPE."

" O! what a wretch!" said she, after reading the letter; and sunk almost lifeless on the floor. At this moment a servant entered the room, to inform her that a gentleman wished to see her. The notice was scarcely delivered, when Edward appeared. At the sight of him, she shrieked violently—" Merciful Father!" cried Edward, " what disaster is this!" She could make no reply, but gave him the letter. " Infamous villain! his life shall pay the debt of justice, and revenge! Take particular care of that lady," said he, to the servant; " I will reward you."

In a few hours she recovered, sufficiently to proceed to her mother's; but waited at Mr. Stanley's, while Edward unfolded the dreadful scene to Mrs.

Falkland. " Good God! exclaimed her mother, " Matilda ruined! The crime is mine.

It was my miserable pride has caused this; and the remaining days of life will now be " few and evil! " But where is my unhappy daughter? " — " Be comforted," replied Edward; " she is at my father's. I will bring her immediately."

The interview was too affecting for words to describe. " Generous youth," said Matilda, " your services I can never repay: if I had loved you as much as your merit demanded, I had never seen this day!" — " You must forget," said Edward, " that there is such a wretch as your seducer in being; he will meet his punishment."

When he returned home, he wrote as follows to Lord Oglethorpe—

" **BASE** and unmanly wretch! think not that you shall triumph over seduced innocence; or that your elevated rank in life, which only serves to make you more despicable, shall secure you from the arm of justice. I command you to meet me next Thursday, provided with a brace of pistols. The bearer will settle time and place."

" **EDWARD STANLEY.**"

Lord

Lord Ogelthorpe returned the following answer.  
 “ Your challenge is accepted, though I despise the giver ; but let this convince you, that I am not so unmanly as you imagine.”

“ OGLETHORPE.”

Edward communicated his design to no one till the challenge was accepted ; then he informed Mr. Melville that he should soon need an equivocal proof of his friendship.

Mr. Melville sincerely regretted the step he had taken ; but, as it was now past recalling, he consented to accompany him.

The Wednesday preceding the duel, was spent in the company of his father and Melville ; and the tear started from his eye, probably, from the reflection, that he might never see another day in the house of a father whom he tenderly loved, but dared not acquaint him with the impending danger.

On the Thursday morning he arose at five, and remained adjusting his little affairs till seven ; about eight, he breakfasted with Matilda and her mother. He appeared serene and chearful in conversation ; said he was going on a shooting party into the country ; and added, clasping the hand of Matilda—“ I will bring you the laurels my skill may obtain.” He took his farewell.

It was then that his countenance assumed a mournful aspect. "I fear," said Matilda, "some accident should happen!"—"If it be for your good," said Edward, embracing her: "I shall not repine. This life is uncertain!" At these words he parted; and proceeded, with Melville, to the place agreed on.

They arrived a little before Lord Oglethorpe, who was attended by a gentleman as his second, and two domesticks. The ground being measured, it was agreed that Edward should fire first. He advanced with a firm step and serene countenance. Lord Oglethorpe seemed much agitated, Edward discharged his pistol, but without any effect; but the ball of his antagonist entered his body, and he fell. His lordship mounted his horse, and fled, with his attendants to the continent.

It was some time before Mr. Melville could procure assistance to remove the body of his friend, whose father he dreaded to meet. The intelligence of his son's death had, however, reached his ear, before the arrival of Mr. Melville; for Matilda had followed, soon after their departure, and met the servants of Lord Oglethorpe, who informed her of Edward's unhappy fate. She had just strength to arrive at her mother's, and relate the event to her and Mr. Stanley, who endeavoured



voured to repress his grief at the loss of Edward. "These," said he, "are the mysterious dealings of Omnipotence towards his creatures, and I must submit to his pleasure!—Edward, in thee have I lost a son, who was the ornament and delight of my years: but it is enough! such is the will of God."

Mr. Melville arrived with the corpse of Edward. "Sir," said Mr. Stanley, "why did you not inform me of my son's resolution? I shall never forget, though I may forgive you."

In his room were found three letters; one to his father, begging forgiveness for not acquainting him with the circumstance— "And I hope," added he, "my errors will be buried in my grave;" a second to his friend Melville, thanking him for his kind assistance:— and a third to Matilda, as follows—

"Thursday Morning, Five o'Clock,

DEAR MATILDA,

"After my death, you will receive this letter. That I have ever loved you sincerely, the cause will, I think, put beyond doubt. There is, in my mind, a strong foreboding that I shall fall a victim. I am content! It is for you, it is in defence of injured

jured innocence. Heaven sometimes permits, for ends human reason cannot penetrate, the wicked to escape the punishment they merit in this life. The time is drawing near, when I must part with you; I have resolved to exercise all the composure I can; but I fear, it will be too much. From me, learn this truth—that noble qualities are not confin'd to opulence, but oftener thrive in the soil of sufficiency. Adieu!—for ever!

“EDWARD STANLEY.”

The pressure of so many calamities was too great for the delicate frame of Matilda. She is now lunatick, but not so as to occasion confinement. A beautiful melancholy is seen in her countenance, and not an evening passes, but she visits his tomb, and sheds the tear of love on his turf; but, chiefly by the pensive light of the moon, she will spend hours at his grave!—sometimes singing extemporaneous verses in the sweetest notes of wildness.

To see her at such a time, you would think her more than mortal. A deep consumption has seized her mother; to which, it is thought, she must soon fall a prey.

Mr. Stanley, with a resignation truly admirable, never repines at the dispensations of heaven, but

is thankful for the mercies he has left. His house is now the home of Matilda and her mother, and his time is employed in procuring them every comfort in his power. As for the wretched Oglethorpe, he has at last fallen a victim to his own licentiousness. A letter lately received by Mr. Stanley, from a friend in Portugal, says, " Lord Oglethorpe was stabbed a few nights since, by some hired assassins. An adulterous connection with the wife of a Portuguese, was the occasion of this catastrophe." Thus we see, that although wicked men may for a long time go unpunished, the arm of justice will seldom fail, sooner or later to overtake them.

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### A N E C D O T E.

**T**HAT as great a variety of fortunes often attend upon obscure characters as are attributed to some of the heroes of romance, the following sketch of the life of one of the few remaining seamen that attended Lord Anson's voyage will partly evince. Born in a sea port in the North, he went from home in a coasting vessel at ten years of age, to which he never returned. At twenty years of Age he became master of a small vessel,

vessel, but being taken by the French, was, after remaining in prison some months, obliged to enter on board a man of war; was retaken by the English; made his voyage with Anson; upon his return took a public house near Tooley-Street, was plundered by his wife, who eloped with a common beggar; gave up his house and went to Ireland; from thence as a servant to America, was sold to a planter in the back settlement of Virginia; eloped and travelled on foot to Charles-Town; after fording several rivers, &c. worked his passage in a vessel to New-York, from thence to England; entered into the East India company's service, in which he continued ten years, where, in assisting a cook to one of the general officers, as he was going to finge a fowl with some old letters given him for that purpose, he discovered that an uncle was dead in England, leaving him a house and legacy of a thousand pounds, returned to England, expended his legacy, &c. and afterwards met with his wife at a lodging house in St. Giles's. His last stage was becoming a waterer of horses at a coach stand near Barbican where a few weeks since, in assisting a gentleman at a public house to pull off his boots, he accidentally heard of another legacy bequeathed him by a distant relation, supposed dead; and he is now, at the age of 65, in possession of forty pounds per annum.

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F I N I S.



